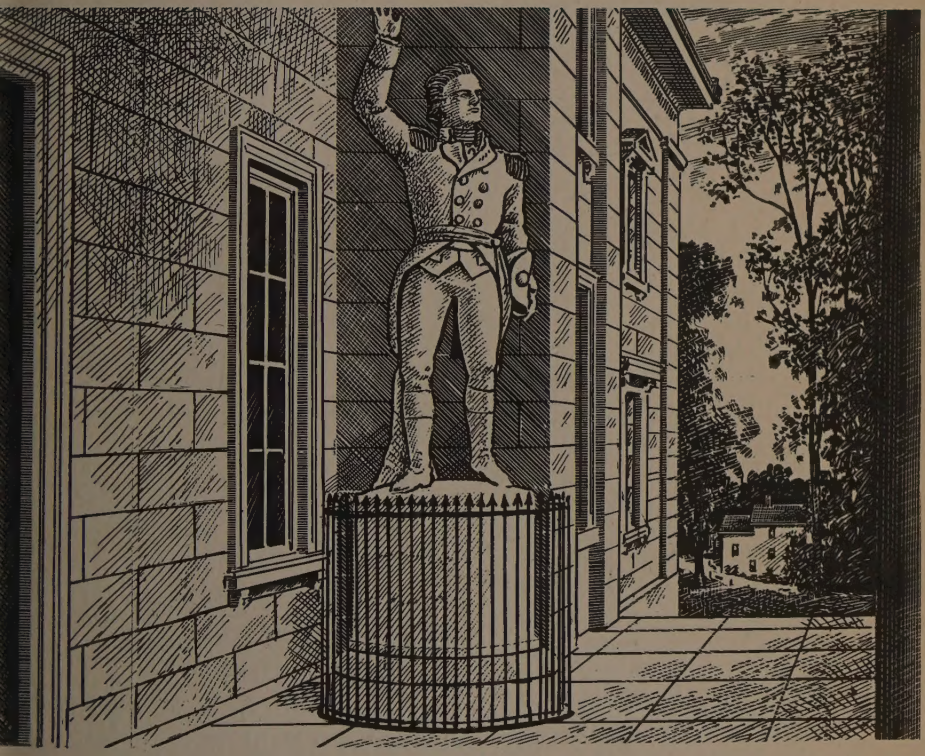
VERMONT *Quarterly*



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STARK MONUMENT AT PERU, VERMONT

Cornerstone Ceremonies August 7, 1899

"Viewed in an enterprising and patriotic light the town of Peru never saw a more interesting day than that of Monday. The occasion was the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone of the Stark monument . . . the surroundings suggestive and symbolizing the honest, patriotic and rugged character of Stark and his 1000 men who 122 years before had camped on this spot. . . . This monument was built with funds raised by popular subscription, from the woman who gave the half dozen eggs for ice cream to the millionaires who gave $50 each. . . . In 1777, when news came that Gen. Burgoyne was coming down from Canada, Gen. Stark . . . was called up to repel the invasion . . . a brigade was recruited at Charlestown, N. H. In July, 1777, this small band of patriots started on their journey across the Green Mountains . . . arrived in Peru August 6 and encamped overnight near the cornerstone . . . went on through the wilderness to Manchester . . . then to Bennington." From the *Londonderry Sifter*, Aug. 11 and 18, 1899.

THE SETTLERS

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

The facts of history, no matter how closely articulated by the objective historian, often form too wide a mesh in a net too free in texture to capture the fine values that in the end make history live. We know, within reason, whence the early Vermont settlers came, their approximate number, and so on, but who were they actually? Why did they come, for instance, from older settlements into the wilderness that was to be Vermont, leaving secure homes and ways of life? With such questions the objective historian is not at home, but the gifted creative writer often sees the meaning beyond the fact. We welcome this notable contribution by a Vermont author, internationally known. The author in the first sentence is referring to the soldiers who were returning to their homes after the close of the French and Indian Wars in 1759–60. Editor.

Going back to pick up the story of those lively mustered-out young soldiers, our first Vermont forefathers, one easy-to-make misunderstanding must be put straight. Much as they relished the camping-out freedom of their trip home they were not in the least wild-hearted "mountain men" revolting against domestic cleanliness and civic duty. A holiday time between the military discipline back of them and the tidy domesticity ahead was all very well, but only as a vacation. None of them felt the slightest temptation to drift permanently into the easygoing, dirty, irregular ways and elastic morals (as they seemed to white men) of semibarbaric life. For they were young New Englanders. Most of them were serious, most were literate, all were brought up to be provident and responsible. And almost without exception every one of them had a home waiting for him down in the settled Western Connecticut or Western Massachusetts country, either in his parents' house, or in one of his own already started with a young wife before he went off to military service against the French and Indians.

So they pushed on gladly to those homes in the low, snug farm and village houses, and were welcomed with a furor of joyous affection, excitement and relief exactly like that given by their families to returned soldiers of today, or of any day.

At this point, there is a pause in the forward flow of the story as later Vermonters knew it. Nothing happened at once. In most cases a good many months passed, sometimes several years, before the decision was made to trek north and settle in the Green Mountains. Cautious older-generationers had to be talked around; the fiancée or the young wife with young children reassured; plans discussed with neighbors; family and personal savings put together to finance the purchase of the new homestead; an immense deal of contriving, and deciding which things to take along.

And then they were off. Their parents stood at the door of the old home to wave them good-by, to call out, "Wait! Wait! Did the Dutch oven get packed?" Or "Neighbor Bentley's son is coming back soon to fetch his wife and baby. Send us a letter by him to tell us how you're getting along." (For all these homespun people could and did write letters.)

North-bound through Western Connecticut and Massachusetts, carefully keeping to the east of the line of the Province of New York, went wave after wave of these young homemakers—long-legged, sinewy lads, pouring with their young wives and little children into the forests and glades of the new, safe, welcoming land where they displaced no other homemakers. So swift was the rising up of these sons and daughters of Connecticut and Massachusetts (fewer from Rhode Island) farmers, that General Burgoyne in a private letter to Lord George Germain, dated in August 1777, wrote, "The Hampshire Grants, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war [only fifteen years before] now abounds in the most active race on the continent."

Set to write of that peaceful, cheerful swarming out from the old hives to found new communities, a Vermont pen begins to dance and gambol, to toss its head and gallop down the page like a colt let out from the barn to spring sunshine. For it was springtime—no matter what the season of the year—to those forward-looking young people stepping confidently along the roads and trails leading them to the future.

They passed first along the earthen roads of settled old rural regions, small plain homes tight against all weather, with square stone chimneys, piles of firewood at the back, lilacs beside the front door, lilies of the valley on the north side, big rosebushes and peonies on the southern side, and clean, many-colored clothes hung out to dry, like household banners proclaiming the scrubbed cleanliness within. Just such homes—only, oh vast, immeasurable difference to

young hearts, homes of their very own!—were they planning to set up when they reached the Promised Land. In the bulging packs carried by the family horse (often cared for and trained from its colthood by the young husband in the years when he too was a colt) were blankets and pillows and clothing and yards of homespun linen. They were gifts from the parents they were leaving. In almost every pack which went into Vermont was a book or two from the small, prized collection on the shelf under the family clock; a root from the peony in the front yard; a slip taken from the old lilac bush. Such a great-great-grandmother peony blooms now in my own home garden, a great-great-great-grandchild of one in the front yard in New Milford from which most of our Arlington people came in the 1760's. Such an old volume of Shakespeare was, a generation or so ago, finally read to pieces by farmer cousins of mine. There had been two in the old home in Connecticut and two children went out to the Grants. The son was given the tragedies, the daughter the comedies. That group of the Canfields grew up, they used to say, laughingly, knowing not a word of *Coriolanus* or *King Lear*, but with quotations from *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* a part of every day's life. Not too bad a fate, they thought.

All that first part of the trip the young settlers were in homeland country, even though they might never have been there before. The farmer who stopped hoeing corn to come to the side of the road for a talk, might by his looks have been their father. The boys who were helping him might have been their younger brothers, silent, attentive, their eyes lighting up at the sight of young folks setting out to new land, to a new life they could shape to their own tastes. All along that first stage of the journey the way was embroidered with leisurely sociable talk. There was no hurry. They had no train connections to make. They could pitch their overnight camp as well in one place as another.

Sometimes a farmer's wife, recognizing them by their looks as belonging to her own kind of folks, came to the door and called, "Come on in. I've just finished churning. Have a cup of buttermilk, won't ye?" They stopped. The horse dropped his head to crop the grass in front of the house. The children squatted down to play with the puppy. The baby, from where he was securely tied on top of the pack, was taken down to kick his heels on the floor or murmur greedily in his mother's arms as he nuzzled her for his dinner. They took the foaming buttermilk with thanks, and began to answer questions about where they were going. Kneading her great lump of bread-dough, the

farmer's wife might say, "My man and I are too old to go. We've got a good place here, anyhow. But our second boy's just back from the war, and he and the girl he is going to marry are kind of thinking about the new land up in the Grants. He was wondering the other day about how you'd take hold to buy land there? Ever since he was a baby, we've been saving up to help him get started when he married. We could buy him a pitch—if the land's as good as folks say?"

"It's uneven. In places it's as rich and black as a good kitchen garden. When the Connecticut militia were mustered out in Canada I came through there on the way home with three-four of the other boys from our town. Of course we took notice of the land. All of it ain't good. Most of it grown up to monstrous great trees. But under the trees, there were places where you could run your ramrod clean down, good loose loam, all the way. And when the trees are out, you can burn 'em and make potash, all you have time to look after. Potash is worth gold-money, you know, any day of the year, in Albany and Montreal. Any amount you want to take in."

"But won't you have trouble with York landlords? Seems though I'd heard some talk . . ."

"No, no, nothing to that. The Governor of New York is always trying to pick a quarrel with any New England governor. The folks who run New York hate Yankees like us. But you know how that ended—the King sent word that the New York line is to run twenty miles east of the Hudson. New York lawyers are smart, but even they can't kick up any dust against that. The King said it so plain. We've paid for our land, hard money. We'll keep to our side of that line."

"How about Injuns? We hear that the settlers out west in the Mohawk country been having trouble."

"No Indians in the Grants at all. Only just a few that come and go with their families to hunt and fish. They're Abnakis, anyhow, not Iroquois. They're decent folks. We'll get along with them."

"How does a person get his land up there?"

"Why, you buy it from a sort of land company. People put their money together to buy up a whole town at once. The Governor of New Hampshire (he's the one that's selling it), won't deal for anything less than a whole township at a time. But then these proprietors that buy it, they'll sell small lots to farmers, or sawmillers, or anybody who wants to settle there. They make some money on the trade, sure, but so do the merchants who buy a shipload of sugar from Jamaica, tons of it, and then sell it by the hundredweight to storekeepers—and they sell it by the pound to us. Nothing wrong with

that. We bought our land that way. We paid for it, some from savings our folks gave us, some from my back pay to the militia, though that never came to much. Some we saved ourselves. I've been working for my father since we married."

"But now," from the young wife, "we're going to have a home of our own, of our very own."

She said that almost two centuries ago, but if you listen with your inner ear, you can hear the ringing lift of her voice. For the words she spoke then are spoken now, have been spoken from time immemorial. They bring up sweet memories to older people who have long been drawing strength and stability from a home of their own. They shine like a bright arrow pointing into the future for young adults beginning to be restive under their parents' roofs. From the Connecticut and Western Massachusetts homes where the young settlers passed, many and many a big son and tall daughter rose up to follow that bright arrow.

When they stayed overnight, they slept under the stars in fair weather, or snug in a quickly constructed lean-to of hemlock boughs. The young folk from the farmhouses, after the chores were done, sometimes went out to sit for a while to talk or sing around the campfires of the traveler. The next morning they stood beside their parents, at the barn door or in the kitchen garden, waving with friendly envy. "Save a pitch for us. One with good fishing. We'll be after you soon."

"First come, first served. Don't wait too long. There's good fishing everywhere!"

This was a time of ferment. From century-old communities, north, south, all through the colonies, such young family groups were streaming out towards new homes. The movement had been going on, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, ever since Plymouth Rock and Jamestown. But now that the French and Indian Wars were over, it swelled into a sort of human tidal wave. And this migration was not only more numerous and farther-roaming, its quality was changed. Imperceptibly, over the years, these frontier folk had grown to be totally different from their first ancestors on the American continent—those brave, enduring, homesick Europeans, lost without the framework around them of the familiar Old World society, not yet realizing, not daring to realize, what new freedom lay outside that rigid framework.

These young men and women bound for Vermont were typical of the new outlook. They were Americans. Thanks to more than a century of family experience, they felt at home anywhere under the American sky, on American soil. They took casually and unsurprised

the ferocious American winters, the tiger-pounce of American midsummer heat. Young husband, young wife alike, they strode out into the huge continent as if stepping into their own front yards. Well, the continent *was* their own front yard—theirs for the taking—as the English countryside had never been for their forefathers; as the old country was not, still was not, in their day, for people of their "station in life" who had not crossed the Atlantic.

In eighteenth-century England, harsh old laws and granite-rigid social caste lines were slow to change (in fact many of them did not begin to crumble in England until well on in the second half of the nineteenth century). Working people, tenant farmers' families might help to keep the ground of the Manor forest cleared by picking up dead twigs or dry branches blown down by a storm. (Hence it is that "windfall" has come to mean a stroke of great good fortune.) But woe to the cottager if the authorities found a green stick with freshly cut stem in the little shed back of his kitchen! Only the gentry at the Hall ever enjoyed the luxury of a wide fireplace constantly replenished with blazing logs. The farmers going in to pay their rent might, from afar, catch glimpses of its brightness, but it was one of the gratifications and cheering comforts of life from which poor folks were excluded.

In these teeming American forests, to stroll along, ax in hand, free to cut what one pleased—since these were "our own trees"—was for the men of colonial times a wish-dream realized, as if a city wage-earner's wife of today should dream that she was stepping in and out of Fifth Avenue shops with the merchandise free to every hand.

The century passed far from the watchful eye of the servants of the Manor had developed in the New England men of the late eighteenth century a masterly accuracy with the ax. Unlike their European forefathers, those first Vermonters never broke their hearts trying to burn the wrong kind of wood. They were deeply erudite in forest-lore. All the fuel anybody could burn was theirs for the cutting—dry split pine for kindling, for quick summer cooking; massive sticks of green oak for the lasting backlog, armfuls of dry hickory and yellow birch and rock-maple for the all-day-long, steady, smokeless, heart-warming flames of mid-winter. We need waste no sympathy on them because for days at a time they bent their backs to lay by the year's store of fuel. They were stout backs, and young, and it was his own hearth-fire each man was feeding.

They were at home with the trees as their English-bred forefathers had never been. In the same way they were at home with

wild-life, which in England had been forbidden to plain people like their ancestors. Hunting was reserved for landowning gentry by complicated British game laws enforced by terrible penalties. The proprietors of the land, who already had all the food they needed, not only owned every acre of soil but also every wild thing that might add vitamins and protein to a farm family's diet. Even the humble, prolific rabbit was forbidden to plain folk. The very smell of a savory rabbit stew, if it reached the bailiff's nostrils, was a proof of wrongdoing that might lead to a prison sentence; or if the Lord of the Manor and his employees were notably humane, a beating or a savage tongue-lashing which a poaching gray-haired father must receive in unresisting submission to his betters, his children looking on, and learning the tradition by which they were to live.

More than a hundred years of freedom lay between such memories and the young western New Englanders who went up into the forests and open glades of Vermont. They never felt the slightest inhibition in pulling the triggers of their long squirrel rifles. They knew the exact meaning of every track in the snow, of every rustle in the summer woods. They feared none of the animals swarming about them. The appearance of a bear crossing a clearing caused no panic. Quite the contrary! It roused the tingling excited enthusiasm of the hunting spirit, so much exalted (as part of upper-class life) by the old-country tradition.

Thus, through the whole range of daily activity, they took hold of life, as they would have said, "by the handle, not by the hot end," neither with cringing apprehension, nor with the raw swagger of the newly emancipated. For it never occurred to them to doubt that they were first-class citizens—"as good as anybody."

Such they were, the vital young people who settled Vermont, eagerly surging up from Western Connecticut and Massachusetts, on foot, on horseback, or with ox-cart. Some of them came in big companies, a number of the young folks of the same township traveling together and choosing home-sites near each other. The children in such a group went on playing with each other uninterruptedly, both along the way and after they had stopped to sink roots into the new soil. Stability of human relations came with them, along with brass kettles, books, and homespun blankets. Sometimes a single family by itself moved slowly along with young children, the iron skillet dangling on top of the pack. Sometimes it was a single man, without any pack-animal, only a knapsack on his back, a rifle on one shoulder, an ax on the other. He was going to "start things" for his

folks who would join him the next summer. By neighborhoods, by families, singly, they all knew what they would find, they all pressed forward zestfully to measure their strength against the wilderness.

They were coming not as exiles or refugees from persecution, or because of failure at home. It was their free wish to come. Almost without exception, they were in those joyful first years of young maturity, when the authority of the older generation is being thrown off. They were going to make these new homes as *they* wanted, not to fit the ideas of Great-Aunt Eliza, or the fussy housekeeping ways of Mother, or the old-fashioned notions of Father.

Prepared as they were by training and temperament, and with this prospect beckoning them on, it is no wonder that their young hearts were not darkened as the farm clearings grew smaller, more widely spaced, and the dirt road dwindled to a rough blazed trail winding among the trees. Did they feel no homesickness as mile after mile was added to their distance from the routine of settled civilization? Not a trace, from anything we have ever heard. They were young. Their spirits rose to boisterous heights of fun and good-fellowship.

We can understand that. Even today, softened as we are by dependence on push-button conveniences, most of us are delighted to spend high sums to enjoy an outdoor vacation from responsibility. We have all known campers, trail-riders, or hikers, back from a month in Canada or the Rockies. They are brown as to face, relaxed, reposed as to spirits. What they tell us does not sound enlivening. They have been cold and wet. Their meals have been seasoned with wood ashes; wild storms have blown down their tents; porcupines have in the night eaten what was planned for breakfast; they have been all but blinded by smoke from campfires built of rain-soaked wood . . . and as they remember and talk about these misadventures, their eyes sparkle, their faces glow. They have been drinking from some source of vitality far too deep to put into words.

Like the fragrance from old pillows stuffed with balsam needles, there lingers in Vermont memories just such an aroma of outdoor freshness, breathing through the stories of those first days. The particular stories remembered in different towns vary greatly in detail one from another. They are alike in one quality. In none of them is there any melancholy—never the note of "An Exile from Erin" or "Lochaber No More." Here is one example:

Have you by chance ever driven over Route U.S. 7, north from Williamstown? If you have, and if the day was fine, you have, no doubt, like other motorists, stopped your car to admire the view at

the Pownal Turn. Nobody who has seen it can forget the complex, harmonious composition of its two green and smiling valleys, diverging in a V from below where you stand at the look-out place. For those with old Vermont memories in their bloodstream, the spot has an added touch of poetry. For, so tradition has it, the pioneer trail also passed this way and this very spot was an accepted overnight halting place. Eight to ten rough miles ahead was Bennington, already something of a settlement even before the full flood of north-bound homesteaders. In his private journal, James Duane, the New York City lawyer, on his scouting trip to look over the country he confidently expected to rule as Lord of the Manor, noted with satisfaction his admiration of the pleasant village homes of Bennington, and that it had "a genteel church"—the adjective being natural to a genteel Yorker.

There was little that he, or any other New York proprietor would have called genteel about the lively bands of vigorous young country folk from hard-working, successful farm families in Connecticut and Massachusetts who were journeying up to make their homes on land for which they did not intend to pay rent to James Duane, because they had already bought it from Governor Wentworth.

As one such group, bound for Bennington, sat around their last-night-out campfire, joking, singing, drinking cider (if there was any of it left in the gallon jugs), playing games, the talk chanced to turn on a rivalry between the big girls of the crowd as to which was the best horsewoman. Their older (a little older) married brothers and sisters egged on the brags. "I'll bet on Peggy!" "I'll back Mehitabel!" Wagers were laid, a modest purse was put together to be given to the girl who would be the first to ride her horse into Bennington village.

Next morning the laughing racers swung into their saddles and set out, hell-for-leather, along the trail, with their backers yelling the eighteenth-century equivalents of "Go it, Molly!" "Do your stuff, Nell!" There were no gray heads among them, hence nobody shuddered forebodingly at the thought of one of the horses catching a hoof in a root across a trail, of young brains beaten out against a tree trunk, of what might happen if one of the riders should take the wrong branch where the trail forked. No, they cheered and threw up their hats and waved their kerchiefs. If they had not had little children and household gear to see to, some of them would have been off themselves in that glorious reckless plunge forward—so like their own exhilarating plunge into the unknown hills and valleys before them.

Does this anecdote strike you as improbable? Are you thinking,

"Oh come now, it is only during the last few decades that young women have learned to ski, to swim, actually to *enjoy* bodily exertion!" Yes, of course, during the Victorian nineteenth century, the heroines of romance were physically frail, clinging-vine, white-cheeked, sofa-women, who depended on their husbands for all decisions except about what dresses and hats to wear. That picture was probably close enough to life . . . to the only life most of those novelists thought worth recording, although George Eliot's farm women were neither frail nor clinging! A good many theories have been advanced to explain the odd (and to us rather disagreeable) behavior code of the Victorian lady. Some lay it to tight lacing. Others label it an example of "competition by conspicuous display." They point out that, like the super-duper mink coat of today, the wife who never lifted her hand to earn gave notice to the world that her husband was an exceptionally good provider. More probably, I think, nobody planned it that way. In the age of expanding profits from trade and industry, when factory production, division of labor, specialization of skills were taking all the old home crafts (spinning, weaving, salting down winter meat) out of the housewife's hands, when cooks and cleaning-women could be hired for a tiny fraction of her husband's income, and when it reflected credit on a husband to have his wife idle, it must have required extraordinary internal drive to keep a middle-class woman from drifting into languidly ornamental uselessness.

It is odd that few Victorian-American writers—from say James Fenimore Cooper on—checked their conception of the innate character of women by what was well known about their own grandmothers. In the rural regions of eighteenth-century America, by the harsh rule of survival of the fittest, there were very few frail women. The frail ones died early. There was no sofa in any house on which anybody could recline—just look at any collection of colonial antiques—no chair in which anybody could lean back. Furniture was fashioned by and for the people who sat up straight unless they were so sick that they were bedridden. Such women did not depend on their husbands for decisions, or for courage. They did not scream at the sight of a mouse—nor at the sight of a catamount.

The cynical wisecrack that history is only a fable which happens to be believed makes sound sense when it is turned inside-out. For, traditional folk stories tell us about the inner history, the admirations, the aspirations for a good life, of the generations who have thought them worth preserving and repeating. It is significant, then,

that the race to Bennington became famous, in a moderate Vermont way, over a small corner of this region. Everybody up and down the settlements in that part of the new country heard about it, knew which girl had breezed in first, cantering her horse for witnesses to her victory, up to the Bennington tavern where every man-jack turned out to applaud her.

The sequel is even more significant for the light it throws on Vermonters' scale of values.

In time that girl-rider married, had children, had grandchildren. Years later, a traveler stopped overnight at the tavern (by then modernized as a "hotel"). "Is she still alive?" he asked the clerk. "That woman . . . I mean the one who, running her horse all the way up from Pownal, got to Bennington first of her group of settlers?"

"Oh, yes, she's still alive. Pretty old, of course, must be quite a bit over seventy. She lives in the third farm after the right-hand turn beyond the bridge."

Out of curiosity, with a tourist's urge to take in all the sights of the town he finds himself in, the traveler went out to the farm. A rosy little girl was picking up chips back of the kitchen door. He doubted if so young a child could have heard a story so old, but he put his question to her.

"That was my grandmother," she said proudly. "Yes, she lives here!"

"Could I speak to her a moment?"

"Well, no, she's not at the house this morning. She's out in the upper field, plowing."

Something is told about the spirit of a people by the stories they chance to hand down, by the kind of women they admire.

Another story, another setting. This is concerned with one of the young husbands and fathers, who came a season ahead of his family, axed out a clearing, built the first log house, planted corn in the rich land between the stumps, harvested it, and, putting up a great store of firewood, stayed on in the new cabin through the winter, trapping and hunting in order to have some fur to exchange for cash, come springtime.

It was over Wilmington way, I think, that such a solitary settler prepared to live alone through the winter in his newly built cabin. To his door there arrived one wildly stormy day in late November an Indian family, father, mother, sturdy little boy and baby. They, too, were out for a winter of trapping. They had no shelter. The white

man took them in, at first till that great snowstorm had passed and then—why not?—as housemates for the winter.

Neither spoke a word of the other's language. But they managed by gestures to make each other understand the plan for peaceful living. A line was drawn down the middle of the cabin floor. Wavings of arms and fingers and noddings of heads said plainly, "This side for Indians. This side for white man." Both were to have access to the life-giving fire on the hearth.

For many months, in peace and tranquility, the two races lived side by side—the baby the only one to cross the line uninvited. They shared each other's meat; the white man had a little bag of precious salt, enough for a grain or two on broiled bear steak and roast saddle of venison. With perfect confidence each left the cabin when he pleased, sure that the other side of the line would leave untouched his own small store of treasures . . . the ax, the blankets, the growing pile of furs.

When spring came on and the ice in the brook melted, the white man saw that the Indian boy was eying his fishing-pole with a longing which he recognized from his own boyhood. In the mute language of gesture he asked if the lad would like to go fishing. A light sprang up in the black eyes, like a reflection from his own blue eyes at twelve.

The Indian boy took from the fireplace one of the charred sticks they used for pencils. On a piece of birch-bark he sketched the pole, a thinner stroke for the stout linen line, ending with a jiggle for the wonderful metal hook . . . beyond the scope of Indian craftsmanship. He patted the picture, then he patted his own chest. Next he drew a fish, and through it a line dividing it in two. One half was for us Indians, the other—so said the energetic forefinger—would belong to the man who had loaned pole, line and hook.

The white man laughed, took down the pole from the pegs where it had lain all winter, and passed it over to the Indian boy. From that time on, joy to the dark-skinned lad and plenty of broiled fish for his elders, for the streams in those days were swarming with trout. One early settler happened to mention in writing that he and his brother, both young lads, caught a bushel-basket full of trout in an hour.

As the sun grew warmer, the Indian family saw no point in living any longer under a roof, and with many wordless friendly farewells packed up their few belongings, lifted the papoose, bigger and plumper than he had been the autumn before, and were off to a wilder, freer, less trammeled life than even the Vermont settler they left behind them.

He had a tale to tell his own children on the great day in early June when into the clearing came the little cavalcade from the old Connecticut home. His boys ran shouting to meet him, their voices ringing like bells in the silence of the forest. Then came his wife on horseback, holding the baby girl, twice the size she had been when her father last saw her.

There is, of course, no record of what he said to her. But since my great-greats were close to him in age and tradition, in circumstances, in taste and standards, and since I know them pretty well through their letters, through the records of their actions, through what their grandchildren have told me about them, I think I know that what he felt was, "Oh my wife, my love, when you come the meaning of life springs up like a fountain. With you and the children here, I am a whole man again, deep-rooted in hope, faith and joy." But I am sure that he put none of that feeling into words. Probably what he said was something like this: "I've got a line of pump-logs rigged up right to the door. You won't need to go to the brook for water. Little Delia's fat as a pig, ain't she?"

It was a language his wife understood as well as he.

One could go on setting down early Vermont memories, town by town, from Bennington in the south to Newport on the Canada line. But there is a limit to the interest anybody can feel in other people's family legends. Still, I can't hold my hand from putting in one more, partly because I know all the details, since it concerns my own forebears, partly because it reaffirms my conviction that the traditional, submissive, husband-obeying wife, who loved to be commanded by a male, if she ever existed anywhere outside mid-Victorian fiction, certainly was not a Vermont product; most of all because, at least by implication, it throws light on a much debated, often misunderstood, chapter of Vermont history. It runs as follows.

When the Israel Canfield whom we met in the chapter before this reached home after his wanderings, he waited only until he got together money enough to pay for a plot of northern wild land. Then he put the question to his young wife: would she consent to leave the comfortable home in New Milford and strike out with him to found a new home in the tall timber of the Hampshire Grants?

Her eyes kindled at the prospect of building life together "on their own." Of course she would. But she made one condition. She had been a skillful spinster (in those days the word meant what it said—a woman who could spin, not an unmarried girl) and she had a good store of household linen, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, coverlets, all

spun and woven by her own hands. Nothing could induce her to expose the contents of her hope chest to the rigors of hard water. Her husband must promise her a site fit for decent laundry work.

"All water's wet," said the puzzled Israel, "however can you tell whether it's hard or soft?"

As soon as his wife and mother could stop laughing at his masculine ignorance, they burst out together, "You take along a piece of soap and wash something in it. If you get a lather, it's all right. If not, move on."

He agreed to that test. The journey was made. The two horses of their little cavalcade crossed the southern line of Arlington town, where many of the New Milford people had arranged to settle. From then on, the young matron of 1764, my great-great grandmother, washed her way, mile by mile, northward. She had a piece of home-made soap in the pocket of her riding skirt. Wherever the trail crossed a brook, she slid from her saddle, stooped over the clear water, wet, soaped and rubbed her handkerchief.

But the water was hard. Most Vermont water still is. It runs over the abundant marble and other limestone rocks, later so valuable to Vermont. To this day the teakettles of most Arlington houses are coated thickly with a deposit of lime. Not a hint of foam did she get from her soaping. She wrung the handkerchief out, hung it on the back of her saddle to dry, mounted again, and with her half-vexed, half-laughing, altogether good-natured husband, rode on to try the water of other brooks.

"He must-a thought," so my great-uncle used to mimic the old rustic vernacular, "she were a-goin' to land 'em clear up in Canady."

They did not need to go as far as that. Close to the northern boundary line of Arlington, almost seven miles from where she began her quest, the brook beds change by a quirk of geology from limestone to slate. In this water the New Milford soap foamed up blithely into a lather fit to delight the heart of any woman who loved good linen—are there any who do not?

Holding out the good news for her husband to see, "Here's where we'd better settle," she said. So they did.

There, in an open-front log camp—like those used nowadays by summer vacationers in the Adirondacks—they spent the first few months of our family's hundred-and-ninety years of Vermont residence. The men-folks with the help of neighbors put up a well-constructed, winter-tight house lower down the stream. Into this they moved, before winter. That house is as good as ever, and is still one of the Canfield homes.

But only two generations later, by the time my grandfather was born, the rich top layer of leaf-mold had washed away from the arable land. It became apparent that the quality of the soil, to put it conservatively, was not quite up to that of the water. To be entirely frank, the land chosen by my great-greats was about the least rewarding of any in the district. These fields of sand and cobblestones explain the intermittent nature of our family residence. We have never sold that old farm, nor did we ever move away, permanently. But, since early in the nineteenth century, no Canfield has fought the losing battle of trying to wring all of his living from those lean, beautiful, and much-loved acres. Instead, most of us have been forced to sharpen our wits in training for one or another profession, success in which meant years in city exile. I alone—for a writer needs nothing more than a typewriter and an R.F.D. mailbox within reach—have had the good fortune of spending not only a great deal of my childhood, but forty-six mature years very close indeed to the spot where the first Arlington Canfields started housekeeping.

When the horses were unsaddled at the end of the trip, so family tradition runs, my great-grandmother's mother stuck into the deep sand beside the soft-water brook the riding switch she had cut from the old willow beside her Connecticut home. It took root and grew. When I was a little girl, my elders called my attention to it and told me the story. In fact, as elders often do, they told me the story many times. But, my eyes on the willow tree, I never minded how often they repeated. By that time it was huge and very old and leaned low across the brook as if bowed down by the weight of its great age. It leaned lower and lower. Time went by. I grew up, married, settled in the low frame house where I am now writing—barely more than a good outfielder's throw from the riding-switch willow. When my children were growing up, the old tree died. It stood with its browned and ancient bones, like an unburied skeleton. Finally in what we call "a big windblow," the storm broke it off close to the ground. It fell across the brook beside which it had lived for so long. We said good-by to it.

But when my first grandchild began to walk, I noticed that a fresh green and yellow shoot of willow was springing up from . . . could it be from a root of the old tree? . . . a seed . . . who knew? . . . something which had never died at all, but still lived. It has gone on living, and now it is tall enough to shade my oldest, growing-up granddaughter, as she halts there on her way to college.

As you get along in years, you come to see that there are poems and symbols which need no words to sing their meaning.

When I was young, I naturally considered that story as belonging exclusively to our family. It was only when I began to read widely in Vermont lore that, to my naïve surprise, I found scattered liberally through town histories, plenty of big willows—far too many for credibility—all certified to have sprouted from a Connecticut or a Massachusetts riding switch thrust into the moist edge of some local brook.

There are those whose idea of local history is that it has value only when it can trace with accuracy the line of some long-vanished road, and can settle the question as to whether it swerved a little to the right or a little to the left in climbing a steep grade. For such literal fact-searchers, an unlikely number of riding switches proves beyond a doubt that oral folk tradition is untrustworthy. So it is, if the scope of history, local or general, is limited to establishing, through evidence written down on paper, whether such-and-such an event took place on Tuesday the eleventh or on Wednesday the twelfth. Certainly human memory, especially elderly memory, is notoriously undependable about dates and single facts of the past.

But only occasionally does the error of a day, or a week, or even a year, make any noticeable difference in our understanding of the long, continuous tradition of human communities—step by step from the distant past up to today, guiding, enriching, laying the foundation for all our thoughts about government, about our life with others. History is worth reading when it tells us truly what the attitude towards life was in the past. That is what history means to everyone except the most fact-bound pedants. And folk-testimony seldom misrepresents the general attitude towards life of several generations ago. The story of the young wife's riding switch, carried from the old home and taking root beside a Vermont brook may be in some cases an imaginative fancy, not a literal statement of what happened. But it is a fancy which never would have occurred to the mind of the Oregon Trail pioneers as something which *might* have happened at the end of those grueling months of plodding across the immense expanses of the Great Plains and of the terrible climb over the Rocky Mountains.

The often-repeated tale of the willow switch from Connecticut or Massachusetts bursting into new life in Vermont means that the journey here was never regarded as long or hard, as shutting the door on the past, as withering inherited character-buds, habits of thought, loyalty to old traditions.

That symbolism rings true to everything we know about these

first settlers. Whether they had set out singly or in groups, former neighbors hurried to flock together again once the journey was finished. Shared community memory is a strong bond. Fundamentally they were—and their descendants still are—western New Englanders. The slight changes from established patterns, which in time have produced a special Vermontish flavor, developed slowly without conscious plan, as these young people worked out their dream of a life organized as they thought "fit and proper," throwing themselves headlong into the task before them. "Headlong" their activity was in every way. Almost overnight the clearings grew wider, longer, more thickly filled with cabins of friendly homemakers, lending a hand to raise a new rooftree, joining with equally uninhibited energy in boisterous amusements. They danced a good deal, our Vermont forefathers, the old quadrilles, which they never gave up for waltzes. As a little girl I have heard old people talk relishingly of the evenings when you only had to blow a conch horn from your door to bring in sixteen couples ready to stamp it out till midnight. They ate like gourmets: venison, partridges, bear steak, trout by the bushel, squirrel stew, corn bread, corn-meal mush, baked beans, wild berries of every variety, dried or preserved with maple sugar. Each family of them made a hogshead of maple sugar for the year's sweetenin'. They smoked the haunches of the deer shot in their prime, eaten months later. They rendered into birch-bark pails the great slabs of fat from the bear just going into hibernation. It was wonderful for everything, bear fat was, so we used to be told, for tasty shortening in cooking, for greasing thick winter boots, for slicking down hair, for the wooden axles of the first drawn wooden carts.

Very occasionally, between seasons, food nearly gave out and they lived on small rations, these periods of near-fasting probably not at all injurious to their health. Incomparably skillful axmen and reasonably competent, rough carpenters, they soon added to their cabins a shelter for their family cow, for the horse. No more than shelters, but their animals were as hardy as their owners, grew a thick winter coat of fur under the longer hair of their pelts, and throve on what they had.

Many of these grandfathers of industrialism were born with an instinct for machinery. They soon contrived sawmills and gristmills, using power from the streams pouring headlong downhill all around them. The great hardwood trees, which had to be cut to make clearings, they burned in enormous bonfires. Out of the heaps of ashes, they refined potash and carried this valuable cash crop once a year or so,

by packhorses or by knapsack, over the constantly widening trails to Albany, to Hartford, to Boston, to Lake Champlain for water transport to Montreal, according to the part of Vermont where they lived. From these deep-water ports (yes, all the above were so considered in those days of shallow-draught vessels!) they came back with metal tools needed in their operations, with shoe buckles, a yard of fine lawn for a sweetheart's best handkerchief, twists of tobacco, news of the great world, and a book or two (not of sermons) to add to the many-times-read volumes on the cabin shelf.

Not that their lives, so satisfying to them, looked comely to conventional people. A Reverend Mr. Perkins, passing through on a missionary trip, some years later, reported cabins filled with smoke, poor beds, fleas, a lack of comfort so complete as to be dismaying.

The settlers themselves were not dismayed. They were young.

Also it is to be remembered that the Reverend Mr. Perkins was not an objective observer. Like the Reverend Dr. Timothy Dwight and several other white-collar observers of early Vermont good cheer, he had an ax to grind, a theological ax. He was outraged that people so frivolously indifferent to the fine points of theology should be so absurdly light-hearted, vital, and happy as Vermonters obviously were. Timothy Dwight specifically predicted that nothing but corrupt government could be expected from Vermonters who had so secular a view of human life. The Reverend Mr. Perkins detected in these rough-and-ready young folks, living without lawyers or law courts, and yet without disorder or crime, and with so few churches compared to the number of schools as to horrify him, a familiarity with the heinous heresy of John Locke in his *Letters on Toleration:* that "religion should be organized to promote goodness; not to preserve the metaphysical subtleties of sectarian theology." The Reverend Perkins was quite accurate in perceiving this tendency among Vermonters. It exists to this day.

Also, accustomed as this black-broadcloth-clad clergyman was to the special table delicacies, soft, padded comforts and preferential treatment lavished on the clergy by respectfully admiring churchwomen in his New Haven social tradition, he suffered acutely from the rude, crude conditions he was forced to share with these buckskin-clad, boisterously life-enjoying Vermonters. His journal overflows with the most heartfelt self-pity. Like a dismal refrain through his recital of the miseries of his Vermont tour runs the entry, day by day, "*Nothing to drink but brook water.*"

The settlers, like all young people, were thirsting for life itself and drank it from deep sources beyond his comprehension.

They were young. The communities around them were made up of other young people. They did not even see the lacks in household gear, in comfort, in neatness, distressing to visitors from the more settled colonies. For their sons and daughters, as the children grew, they set up schools, and were proud to make provision that every child of Vermont should learn how to read both print and script, write his own letters, figure enough to keep his own accounts.

They had town meetings like those to which they were brought up. In them the young citizens stood, dressed in their best suits of brown homespun, broad-shouldered, lean-faced, proud that they ran their own communities, looking forward into the future with clear, untroubled eyes.

They were young. They were surrounded by friendly neighbors, near enough to dance with, to exchange work with, to call on for help, not near enough to break the blessed freedom of every family to live as it thought best.

It seemed too good to be true.

It was too good to be true.

["THE SETTLERS" IS A CHAPTER FROM A BOOK, *Vermont Tradition*, TO BE PUBLISHED BY LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY ON OCTOBER 5TH. OUR MEMBERS MAY ADDRESS ORDERS FOR THE VOLUME TO OUR VERMONT BOOKSHELF, AND WE WILL SEE TO IT THAT THEY RECEIVE THE BOOK PROMPTLY. THIS CHAPTER, OF COURSE, IS COPYRIGHTED BY LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, AND NO EXTRACTS OR QUOTATIONS FROM IT MAY BE USED WITHOUT THEIR PERMISSION AND THE PERMISSION OF MRS. FISHER. WE ARE GRATEFUL TO MRS. FISHER AND HER PUBLISHERS FOR THEIR FRIENDLY CO-OPERATION. EDITOR.]

VERMONT TOWN NAMES AND THEIR DERIVATIONS. IV

In the October, 1952, Quarterly we announced our determination to lay at rest the perennial question that comes to us: "How did such and such a town get its name?" As in the case of many noble determinations, we found that ours began to falter in the face of sources that did not respond to research as they should have. However, with Mrs. Johnston's exploratory effort, as a beginning, and prompt assistance of many members as revealed in the second article in the January, 1953, Quarterly, the data furnished by Mr. John P. Clement and Mr. Eugene L. Bamford in our April 1953 issue—with such interested assistance we cleared away some of the old darkness; and now with the aid of effective research by Miss Walter, we come to the end of this series of studies. We are planning to present the final results in a special booklet. This final review and compilation is the work of our associate editor, Mrs. Koier. Additional notes, of course, will appear from time to time. Editor.

In the January issue we listed the towns for whose naming we still lacked explanations. They were: Belvidere, Berlin, Bloomfield, Cambridge, East Haven, Eden, Fletcher, Franklin, Glastenbury, Hancock, Holland, Landgrove, Lowell, Middlesex, Moretown, Mt. Holly, Northfield, Richford, Rochester, Roxbury, Royalton, Searsburg, Sudbury, Troy, Westfield, Westford, Woodford, Worcester.

In the April issue explanations were offered for Belvidere, Berlin, Bloomfield, Cambridge, East Haven, Eden, Fletcher, Franklin, Glastenbury, Hancock, and Holland from this list and additions and corrections on a number of others already covered in the January issue.

In the intervening months several of our members have contributed additional suggestions on individual towns, and Miss Dorothy C. Walter has sent us a fine study of the reasons for the naming of fourteen Vermont towns, most of which were settled by groups from Rhode Island. As a present resident of Providence, Miss Walter has delved into the Rhode Island records and found a great deal of useful and accurate information. Although she says she did not intend this booklet for publication as it stands but rather as a "take-off" point for others, to show how she gathered her facts and the lines of reasoning she followed, the material is so interesting and so valuable that we have given much of it exactly as Miss Walter set it down.

The first section of this installment of our town names study is made up of individual suggestions from members and our staff. The second section is culled from Miss Walter's contributions.

I. ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FROM VHS STAFF AND MEMBERS

17. BERLIN Chartered June 7, 1763, as a Benning Wentworth grant. The naming of this town antedates the naming of Berlin, Conn., and Berlin, Mass., as well as the arrival of settlers from Berlin, Conn. Since it was granted during the rule of a Hanoverian monarch, it seems most likely that it was named for Berlin, Germany. (See p. 193, *History of New Britain with Sketches of Farmington and Berlin, Conn.*, by David N. Camp and pp. 30, 32, *History of the Town of Berlin, Worcester County, Mass.*, by W. A. Houghton.)

19. BLOOMFIELD Another Benning Wentworth grant, made in 1762, first chartered as Minehead or Minnehead. Name changed to Bloomfield in 1830. Settled in 1796 and organized in 1802. (*Mrs. Kleon Kelley, Lowell*)

37. CAMBRIDGE Chartered in 1781. Most of the principal grantees were from Bennington and before that from Massachusetts. Probably named for Cambridge, Mass. (See *Hemenway's Gazetteer*, vol. 1, p. 145)

60. EAST HAVEN Chartered by Gov. Chittenden in 1790 to Timothy Andrus (also Andrews) and others. Timothy Andrus was a native of the village of East Haven, part of the town of New Haven, Conn. (See p. 21 of *The East Haven Register*, compiled by Stephen Dodd, where the village of East Haven is mentioned as far back as 1713 as part of New Haven, also *Hemenway's Gazetteer*, vol. 1, p. 998)

54. DANVILLE A French surveyor, Marquis de Anville, gave his name to Danville. (*Rev. V. B. Maloney, St. Michael's College*—see *History of the Catholic Church in the New England States*, vol. 2, by Rev. Wm. Byrne)

69. FAIRLEE John Davis, an oldtime resident, says that Thomas Blanchard, who surveyed that region, looked across at the mountains and valley and said, "Well, this part should be called *the Fairlee* (a town with many fair leas) and, indicating the mountainous section, that part should be *Fairmont* (a town of many mountains)." (*Harold L. Bailey, Montpelier*)

73. FRANKLIN First granted in 1787 by Gov. Chittenden to Jonathan Hunt and associates under the name of Huntsburg.

Jonathan Hunt never lived there, and in 1817 on petition to the legislature, the name was changed to Franklin. There are four possibilities: (1) that it was named for Benjamin Franklin, who died in 1790, two years before Franklin county was incorporated in 1792; (2) that it was named for the county; (3) that it was named for Franklin, N.H., birthplace of John Webster, one of its first settlers (see *Hemenway's Gazetteer*, vol. 2, p. 219); (4) that it was named from Franklin, Mass., birthplace of Supreme Court Justice Asa Aldis, prominent citizen of nearby St. Albans.

78. GRAFTON A souvenir program, issued in August, 1950, for the Third Annual Grafton Fair, contains the following: "Grafton: 1754–1950. In 1791 there was held in this town a unique auction. Dissatisfaction with the name 'Thomlinson' by which the town had thus far been known, led to the idea of auctioning off the right to suggest another. Mr. Joseph Axtell, formerly of Grafton, Massachusetts, won with his $5.00 bid." (*Harry C. Rubicam, Jr., Pelham Manor, N.Y.*)

93. HOLLAND Like Holland, Mass., the town may have been named for Lord Holland, who as Charles James Fox "won America's love as an eloquent defender of her rights." (See *History of Holland, Mass.*, by Martin Lovering, p. 73)

104. KIRBY Chartered to Roswell Hopkins and associates as Hopkinsville, 1808. Name changed to Kirby. (*Mrs. Kleon Kelley*, Lowell)

108. LINCOLN Granted to Col. Benjamin Simons, a Massachusetts man, and 64 associates in 1790 by a charter from the Vermont government. Possibly named for Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, a Massachusetts officer who gave distinguished service in the Revolution and later in Shay's Rebellion. (See *Hemenway's Gazetteer*, vol. 5, p. 19)

110. LOWELL Granted Mar. 5, 1787 by Gov. Chittenden to John Kelley, Esq., of New York, from whom it received the name of Kelleyvale. The land immediately passed into the hands of Mr. Kelley's creditors. The first settler was Major William Caldwell of Barre, Mass. In 1831, the name was changed to Lowell. As most of the early settlers were Massachusetts men, it seems probable that it was named for Lowell, Mass.

120. MIDDLESEX Since this is the middle town in the county, and Berlin, Moretown, Worcester and Middlesex were all chartered June 7, 1763, it may have been named by reason of its position.

(*Ralph Putnam, Waterbury*). This town was a Benning Wentworth grant. It may have been named for Middlesex, England.

129. MOUNT HOLLY Chartered Oct. 31, 1792. It is believed to have been named for the home town of Stephen Clark, one of the first settlers, who came from Mount Holly, Conn. (See Clark papers, *Hemenway*) At present there is no town in Connecticut by that name, but it is quite possible that there was a village named Mount Holly, in Wallingford, Conn., which has also been given as the birthplace of Stephen Clark (See p. 852, *History of Rutland County*)

136. NORTHFIELD Chartered Aug. 10, 1781. Many of the early settlers came from Westminster, which was settled partly by families from Providence, R.I., and also by a family of Averills, who came from Northfield, Mass. One of these, John Averill, came from Northfield, Mass., with his family in the spring of 1751 (See *Hemenway*, vol. 6, pt. 2, p. 577). Among the early settlers of Northfield, Vt., were several men from Westminster, including Thomas Averill, Sr., Col. Oliver Averill, Captain Jesse Averill and John Averill. However, these settlers did not come until 1805 and later. Amos Robinson made the first settlement in Northfield, Vt., in 1785 and was one of the original grantees. He was from Westminster. His sister Elizabeth married Thomas Averill, Sr. before they came to Northfield, Vt. (See *Hemenway*, vol. 4, p. 618). One would need to trace the Averill genealogy to be sure that Northfield, Vt., was named for Northfield, Mass., but there seems to have been a definite connection here.

158. RICHFORD Granted to Jonathan Wells of Brattleboro, Esq., and associates in 1780. As several of the Brattleboro grantees were lately from England, it is possible that the town was named for Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Baron of Kensington.

163. ROXBURY Chartered to Hon. Benjamin Emmons and others Aug. 6, 1781. Among the others was Thomas Chittenden of Roxbury, Conn.

164. ROYALTON First chartered by the Royal Governor of New York, Nov. 13, 1769, as Royalton.

193. SUDBURY A Benning Wentworth grant, chartered in 1761. Probably named for Sudbury, England.

201. TROY Originally named Missisquoi (incorporated in 1801), the name was changed to Troy Oct. 26, 1803. It was chartered by the state in two gores to John Kelley of New York City and

Samuel Avery in 1792. In 1801, these grants were incorporated into a township by the name of Missisquoi, taking its name from the river that flows through the town. (*Mrs. Kleon Kelley, Lowell.*)

Although there is no written proof that the Vermont town was named for Troy, N.Y., the fact that the New York town's name was changed from Vanderheyden to Troy in 1790, 13 years before Troy, Vt., received its name and that during this period Troy, N.Y., was an important market center for Vermont pot and pearlash, cattle and dairy products would offer good evidence. Troy, Vt., was on the Hazen road and thus on a direct highway to the Troy, N.Y., market. (See also John Woodworth's *Reminiscences of Troy, N.Y.* for an account of the Vermont trade)

2. NOTES AND ADDENDA ON VERMONT TOWN NAMES

by DOROTHY C. WALTER

When the Vermont Historical Society published Mrs. Johnston's list of explanations of the naming of Vermont towns, I read through the material and made notes of some additions I could offer, and a few corrections I was able to make, and rewrote what I had about the history of the Lyndon name. I also inserted a rewrite of what I had found out about Barnet and Ryegate, when helping a friend trace out his ancestry there. As I have a brother-in-law who is a Ryegate Scot, I was able to get quite a complete story, because he could interpret for me quite a bit of the very excellent town histories of Barnet, Newbury, and Ryegate, which all have a good deal to say of the Scottish settlements.

Lyndon was settled from Rhode Island. One day I saw at the John Carter Brown Library at Brown University a wonderful oldtime map, *Choreographical Map of the North District of North America*, printed in 1778. Looking at it, I could see that many of the blanks in Mrs. Johnston's article had to do with towns also settled from Rhode Island, or at least granted to Rhode Island people, and that the reason the Rhode Islanders took land there and not elsewhere was that most of the rest of present-day Vermont had already been granted, either by New York or New Hampshire, but that Barton, Billymead (Sutton), Charleston, Westfield, St. Johnsbury, and other land in this northeastern section was still ungranted; so that when Vermont made favorable terms to officers of the "Rhode Island Line," it interested many people from that state (which was hard hit by eco-

nomic woes after the Revolution) to secure grants and send up settlers. This map of 1778 lists the towns granted from New York and New Hampshire.

There was much traffic, economic and religious, between my part of Vermont and northern Rhode Island, right after the Revolution. As I am in Rhode Island now, with its library and historical society resources easily available, I thought it might be helpful to look up what I could about the region from this end. Much of this material, I suppose, would not be so easy to find in Vermont.

Comments by Miss Walter on Mrs. Johnston's List

6. ATHENS Would it not be well to indicate how this name is pronounced locally? I was corrected once by a resident of that region who said, "I beg your pardon, but it is not Athens with a short A, but Athens with a long one."

10. BARNET It is true that both Barnet and Ryegate were settled by immigrants from Scotland. It is also doubtless true that the names were derived from those of some British towns or perhaps persons. It is not true, however, that these two statements have any relation to each other as far as the names of these towns are concerned.

Ryegate was settled in 1774 by the Scots-American Company of Farmers from Glasgow, Renfew and neighboring towns on the Clyde in the Scottish Lowlands, James Whitelaw and David Allen agents.

Barnet was settled by two distinct groups: (1) people named Stevens, from Charlestown, N.H., whose little group of houses was long known as Stevens Village, now Barnet; and (2) another Scottish colonization company, the United Farmers of Perth and Stirling, Alexander Harvey and John Clark, agents, from the counties just north of Glasgow. In 1775, these Scots arrived to settle in the Harvey's Lake region of Barnet . . . buying from a man named Samuel Stevens, described as chief proprietor. (See *The Upper Connecticut*, vols. 1 and 2; *Barnet Town History*, by F. P. Wells and *Ryegate Town History* by F. P. Wells and Edward Miller; also *Hemenway's Gazetteer*.) But both Barnet and Ryegate had been christened at least ten years before these two companies of Scottish settlers emigrated to the New World, for both townships were granted in September, 1763, by Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire to groups of proprietors: Ryegate on the 8th to

Richard Jenness and 93 Associates, all of Portsmouth and Rye, N. H., and vicinity; Barnet on the 16th to Enos and Willard Stevens et al., of Charlestown, N. H.

Gannett in *Origin of Certain Places Names in the United States*, states as to Barnet: ". . . said to be named from the town in England from which the ancestors of Enos Stevens, an early settler, emigrated."

Members of the Stevens family were not only proprietors but actual settlers. It would be in genealogical material relating to the Stevens family that one ought first to search for corroboration of Gannett's statement.

12. BARTON ". . . granted to Col. William Barton, of Providence, R.I., and his associates, one of whom was John Paul Jones, the naval hero of the American Revolution."

33. BURKE Chartered on Feb. 26, 1782, to grantees mostly from Litchfield County, Conn., by Thomas Chittenden, under whom many Vermont townships received the names of Revolutionary heroes or men famous at the time. Edmund Burke, for whom Burke in Vermont, as well as another Burke in Franklin Co., N.Y., and still another in Georgia are said to have been named, was born in Ireland in 1729, made his famous speech on American taxation in 1774, and was most warmly regarded as a friend to the American cause. He was at the height of his fame when Thomas Chittenden granted the township of Burke in 1782.

42. CHARLOTTE Would it not be well to indicate that this town's name is pronounced by the natives, Char-lotté and not Char′-lotte, as one might expect? No doubt the reason for this lies in the fact that Queen Charlotte Sophia, consort of George III, for whom the Vermont township was probably named, was a foreign princess. George III of England married Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz in 1761. It would be natural then that when the powers that were at Albany in his Majesty's Province of New York granted a new township in "Albany County" in 1762, they should compliment the new king and his bride by giving it her name.

49. CORINTH Would it not be well to indicate the local pronounciation of this name too? While the Greek town to whose inhabitants St. Paul preached was called Cor′inth, for some reason not known to me the inhabitants of the Vermont township say Cor-inth.′

52. CRAFTSBURY Granted to Ebenezer Crafts and others in 1781

under the name of Minden; name changed to Craftsbury, in honor of Col. Crafts, its founder, in 1790. The original name, Minden, may commemorate the famous defeat of the French by the German and English forces at Minden, Westphalia, Prussia, on August 1, 1759.

104. KIRBY Chartered to Roswell Hopkins as Hopkinsville, name changed to Kirby in 1808. The Burke Centennial Edition of the *St. Johnsbury Republican* for July 1, 1896, makes the following statements about the change of names: "The town (Burke) was estimated to be about six miles square . . . with its apex stretching almost to Orleans County while it touched St. Johnsbury with the top of its 'tongue.' This gore, called in the old records 'Burk Tung,' contained 3400 acres lying on the west side of Kirby Mountain, and was set off, with Hopkinsville on the east side of the mountain, in 1807, to form the town of Kirby."

113. LYNDON Gannett (*Origin of Certain Place Names in the United States*, p. 193) is in error in stating, "Named for Josiah Lyndon, son of an early proprietor." The leading proprietor, Dr. Jonathan Arnold of Providence, R.I., had a son, Josias Lyndon Arnold. He was also an associate and friend of Josias Lyndon of Newport, R.I., governor of that state from May 1, 1768 to May 1, 1769. . . . The Rev. Pliny White, one of the historians of earlier Vermont, was of the opinion that Dr. Arnold, "moved by patriotism rather than paternal pride, named both his son and the town, from his excellency Josias Lyndon." (Fairbanks: *The Town of St. Johnsbury*, p. 21). Where would one go to get further light on the naming of Lyndon? If old letters of or to Dr. Arnold, his sons Josias Lyndon, William, and Lemuel Hastings Arnold (Governor of Rhode Island), his associates in selecting land for settlement, Messrs. Daniel Cahoon and Daniel Owen, could be located, some passing statement might furnish the clue.

167. RYEGATE Richard Jenness, the leading proprietor, and members of his family, held ten shares in Ryegate in the N.H. Grants. He was a native of Reigate in England, a town not far from London. It is said that on some of the earliest maps the new township was also spelled Reigate.

170. ST. JOHNSBURY Named as stated by Mrs. Johnston. In 1860, Henry Stevens (founder of the Vermont Historical Society) located a letter of Hector St. John de Crevecoeur to Ethan

Allen that showed plainly that Allen had proposed naming the township now called St. Johnsbury, St. John after the distinguished Frenchman and that "Mr. St. John," as he was known in America, had written: "If the General don't think it too presumptious, in order to answer what he so kindly said about names, I would observe that the name St. John being already given to many places in this country, it might be contrived by the appellation of St. Johnsbury." (Fairbanks, *History of St. Johnsbury*, p. 24)

195. SUTTON The date of application to the legislature for change of name from Billymead to Sutton is given approximately in *Hemenway* "at town meeting in March, 1812." *Hemenway*, in the same article (vol. 5, p. 46, Sutton) has this: "Jocktan Putnam came from Burrilville, R.I. . . . He was the first to move to have and the most influential in having the name of the town changed from Billymead to Sutton." In Nov., 1806, this Jocktan Putnam was presiding town moderator in Burrilville, R.I., but by 1812 he had become a citizen of Vermont. In the *History of Sutton, Mass.*, compiled by Rev. William A. Benedict and Rev. Hiram A. Tracy, 1878, though no Putnams are mentioned as proprietors, very early in the history of the town are found the names of seven Putnams. As early as 1725 Elisha Putnam came to Sutton, Mass. His eldest son, Elisha, had a son, Jocktan, "born May 1, 1750; removed to Sutton, Vermont." Marshalling the above biographical facts seems to make it reasonable to assume that Sutton, Vt., derived its name directly from Sutton, Massachusetts.

208. VICTORY On the J. Reid map of 1796 (see *Wilgus*, p. 48), and the Whitelaw map of the same year (see *1800 U.S. Census for Vermont*, frontis.) Victory appears under its present name; dated Nov. 6, 1780, on the latter. Yorktown, the British surrender that virtually ended the Revolution, was not until Oct. 19, 1781. One has to look further back, then, for the events that made this town-name appropriate. In the southern campaign, the Battle of Kings Mountain, Oct. 7, 1780, was one that "filled the patriots with new hope and zeal," (Andrews, *Hist. of the U.S.*, vol. II, p. 109) and might, in view of slow communication in those days, be just about contemporary with the charter of the town. However, on Sept. 28, 1779, had come the naval victory of John Paul Jones and his "Bon Homme Richard," over the British ship "Serapis," an event that thrilled the public

imagination. The Navy stood high in the estimation of those who were granting and naming new towns: John Paul Jones was made a grantee of at least one Vermont town (Barton); another town was christened Navy, complimenting American seamen *en masse*. Might it not be that the town of Victory was so named as a further expression of pride in Jones' exploit? However, this is mere surmise. Until documentary evidence turns up to link the town-name Victory with some definite Continental triumph, it is better to regard the name as an expression of the hope for victory.

211. WATERFORD This town was originally named Littleton and was granted in 1780. Littleton, N.H., is just across the Connecticut. When Vermont relinquished her claims to New Hampshire lands, the Vermont part of Littleton became Waterford, in 1797. The inference has been drawn that the name was derived from the fact that there were two fords near here, but could the name Waterford have harked back to some earlier meaning? The Connecticut lands were easier of access than some, perhaps earlier explored. It was customary to use the names of great people in naming the new townships, and I have come across, in the list of subscribers to Mrs. Anne Grant's poems, published in 1803, a "Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford." [*Note: There is a Waterford, Maine, which existed under this name as a plantation prior to the Revolution and was organized as a town in 1797 also. See History of Waterford, Maine, by Henry P. Warren. L.K.*]

221. WESTFIELD Chartered 1780. Nearly all the original grantees were citizens of Rhode Island. Westfield was apparently named for William West of Scituate, R.I., one of the original grantees, also a grantee of Lyndon and Barton. He was one of the group of political and military associates of the three men who laid out the bounds of Lyndon: Daniel Owen of Burrilville, R.I., at one time Deputy Governor of that state, Daniel Cahoon, the Providence importer, founder of Lyndon, and Dr. Jonathan Arnold, author of the Rhode Island Declaration of Independence and delegate to the Continental Congress, who founded St. Johnsbury. The list of Westfield's grantees (*Hemenway*, vol. 3, p. 343) shows many Rhode Island names, among them Caleb Arnold, Daniel Arnold, Jr., William Barton, Daniel Owen, William Rhodes, Enos W. Thurber and William West. The name of William West is somewhat forgotten today, but he is

styled Hon. William West on the plat of the town of Lyndon, in which he held a section, and Daniel Cahoon named one of his sons after him—the William West Cahoon who was elected to Congress on the anti-Masonic ticket in 1828, after serving Vermont in many state offices.

What was William West's claim to fame, and why did he merit having a town named after him? He moved to Scituate, R.I., perhaps from Kingston, R.I., where there was a William West living prior to 1758, when William West, Jr., then about 25 years old, was keeping an inn in Scituate.

Between 1760 and 1785, William West represented his town at many sessions of the Rhode Island General Assembly; he was town moderator in 1765, justice of the peace from 1774 to 1776. In 1774, he was one of the Rhode Island Committee of Safety. Mr. West's activities in public affairs throughout the Revolutionary period were distinguished. He was Colonel of the 3rd Rhode Island Regiment; Brigadier-General of the Providence County Brigade; member of the Council of War of Rhode Island; Deputy Governor; Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature and some other court offices. Living only seven or eight miles from Hope Furnace, owned by Nicholas Brown and Co. in Providence, he had much to do with securing arms for the war. In 1775, he was second in command to Esek Hopkins on a committee to raise troops for the defense of Rhode Island and on a committee to procure muskets for the Continental Army and cannon for the Colony. It was his regiment that covered the retreat in the Battle of Rhode Island, the only battle of the Revolution in which he was himself personally engaged. This battle "prevented an invasion of New England and probably turned the fortunes of war in the direction of the American Colonies." (*Old Stone Bank History of Rhode Island*, vol. iii, p. 134)

William West's service to his country to the neglect of his own business, in addition to the general dislocation of economic life due to war and unstable new government, got him heavily involved financially. By 1785, he sought relief by asking the General Assembly of Rhode Island to allow him to dispose of his lands and personal property by lottery, that being a favored method of the time. The permission was granted, and on the list of managers appointed for the lottery was Daniel Owen, one of the original proprietors of Westfield and, like West, at

one time a Deputy Governor of Rhode Island. He had also been on the exploring committee with Daniel Cahoon and Dr. Jonathan Arnold to locate wild land in Vermont for settlement. Officers of the Rhode Island Line had been given preferential prices on the land, paying to Vermont £ 7-0-0 for each right, when others had to pay £ 8-10-0. It was probably at the time of this lottery that William West disposed of his Vermont holdings. These facts on the life of William West were taken from a small booklet, *William West of Scituate, Rhode Island: Farmer, Soldier, Statesman* (published 1919), by his descendant, George M. West, and privately printed, one of which is in the collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

Describing his ancestor, Mr. West says that he was rather above middle height, a bony, sinewy man, long favored, with a prominent nose; that he was a person of great activity; and that his associates in life were of the governing classes of the Colony and later State of Rhode Island. A large proportion of the Rhode Islanders who sought to recoup their fortunes in Vermont by becoming proprietors and in some cases by actual settlement, seem to have been men of fine ability, active in Rhode Island and active again in building up their new homes in the northeastern region of Vermont.

LETTERS FROM THE PAST

In 1839, Timothy E. Ranney, after graduating from Middlebury College, decided to become a missionary. He had met Charlotte Taylor, at that time teaching in Ashby, Mass. Both were deeply religious, and both came to be secure in their belief that they "were called to carry the Gospel to the heathen." In their first letters, beginning in the Quarterly of April 1953, we found them preparing for marriage and for service as "Laborers" "in the vineyard of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ." Aside from their very human appeal, based on the eternal verities of the human heart, the letters are a direct and intelligent appraisal of a period and a purpose hitherto seldom studied and only dimly known. The notations are by Mr. C. R. Ranney. Editor.

PART II

12.

My Dear Charlotte:— McIndoes Falls, Vt. Dec. 12, 1843.

Time in its rapid flight has brought me to another favored evening when I am permitted to resume my pen to direct anew thoughts to you. Those have been favored hours when I have been permitted to turn aside from the perplexities of life and hold converse with an absent and dear friend.

I have but three Sabbaths more to close my engagement here, and then I expect to close my labors with this people. I do not feel any less anxiety that the Holy Spirit should own and bless my labors than as if I were to spend my life with them.

You say in your last that while examining your feelings in relation to the work in which we are to engage ere long "I sometimes find some misgivings." Then you inquire "Is it ever so with you?" In relation to this point I would say that I always feel that I am altogether unworthy to engage in such a work. It has always appeared to me to be a work so noble as to be altogether beyond my capacities to engage in it in a becoming way. "What am I or my father's house?" that I should be sent on this great errand? It seems to me to be a work which angels might covet, to carry the intelligence of a Savior's death and to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the heathen. And yet I seem to hear a voice saying, "Woe is me if I preach not the

Gospel." I am ready to say, "Lo here am I, send me." I trust I am ready to spend and be spent in this great and glorious work if God will accept of my feeble services. He has a right to demand those services, for all that I have is a free gift from Him. My friends and home I possess because He gave them to me. Shall I not be willing then to yield them to His bidding? If I cling to them in preference to doing the work of His ministry, have I not reason to fear He will punish me for it? When I stood up in the great assembly and covenanted, I made no reserve. I did not say that I would enter His service if He would permit me to remain with my friends in the land of my nativity. I covenanted to be obedient to His requirements whatever they might be. All subsequent reflection has taught me that covenant would be violated were I to wish to stay at home when He required me to go abroad.

The question is simply this, am I called to go? It is to this question that I have given much attention and to which I continue to give much. I do not wish to be found like Jonah fleeing to Tarshish when I should be preaching at Nineveh. You well know the fate that befell him because he sought to flee from duty. I acknowledge there would be many things more pleasing in remaining with this people than in going to another. It would not, however, be pleasing to the Christian to be found out of the path of duty and wandering in the path of disobedience to his God. It is not the love of the souls of men alone or principally which should actuate our conduct. There is a higher principle on which the Christian loves to act. The love of God constraineth him. It is love to Christ and His cause which should make us desire to do His will.

Yours as ever, Timothy Emerson Ranney.

[*Mr. Ranney finished his contract at Barnet and McIndoes Falls January 1, 1844. He then went to his father's farm at Westminster West, Vermont, to await his assignment from the A.B.C.F.M. During the time he spent there he preached nearly every Sunday in some one of the churches in the neighboring towns. The following extracts are taken from letters written during this time. C. R. R.*]

13.

My Dear Charlotte:— Dummerston, Vt. Feb. 27, 1844.

I am now at Rev. Mr. Barbour's occupying his study which is a very pleasant one and supplied with a tolerable library. "The New York Observer" of last Saturday is now at my side and from it I

learn that the ship "Globe" containing the Rev. Messers Whittlesey and Hunt with their wives, missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, put into one of the ports of the Azores on the twenty-fourth of December last, twenty days from Boston, leaking and having lost sails, bulwarks, etc. This ship is the ship in which it was proposed to us to sail. We may congratulate ourselves with having been detained a while. Whether the brethren will proceed, be obliged to wait or return, the account does not state. I should hardly suppose they would venture to proceed on so long a journey in a leaky ship. If they do not, we may yet have their company to the Sandwich Islands.

I have not yet obtained any intelligence from the Rooms of our destination, but hope every day that I shall the next. I am to spend the next Sabbath in Townshend and the next in Halifax and where the next I have not yet decided. Have had an urgent solicitation to go to Westmoreland, N. H., to be with Bro. Ash. There are other places where I have been invited to spend some time but have made no engagements, for I hope to hear something from Mr. Green before that time should arrive. . . .

Yours as ever, Timothy Emerson Ranney.

14.

My Dear Charlotte:— Westminster West, Vt. Mar. 19, 1844.

Yours of the fifth was duly received and read with similar emotions as I suppose you had when penning it. The intelligence which you communicated respecting the death of your beloved sister was not altogether unexpected. We cannot well refrain from tears at parting with her, yet why should we weep? Could she speak from the cold grave, doubtless she would say, "Weep not for me." If Jesus was more precious to her than others, then has she gone to be with Him who was dearer to her than all besides, and who would not leave that society which is less delightful for that which is more so? The society of Christians is desirable, but that of Christ is infinitely more so. What we feel as loss is unspeakable gain for those who die in the Lord. We need not then mourn for her, and why should we be so selfish as to mourn because Christ has taken from us that which belongs to Himself?

If I could say anything which would manifest the sympathy which I feel for those who mourn, gladly would I do it. Sympathy I must have since I have often been called to mourn the death of those who were near and dear to me. At such times I trust I have found One that could sympathize with me better than any other, and at such times I

have found the greatest consolation in communing with Him. I have found that He wept because of the death of one He loved, and I too weep and draw consolation from Him. This I am glad to think you know how to do. . . .

I received a letter this morning from Mr. Green in which he makes the inquiry whether I will be ready to start for the Pawnee country by the first of May if the committee should decide that it is best for me to go there. I have just completed an answer to his letter in which I answered his question in the affirmative. I expect to hear from him again soon. I am yet in as much darkness in relation to our destination as ever.

As ever yours, Timothy Emerson Ranney.

15.

My Dear Charlotte:— Westminster West, Vt. Mar. 26, 1844.

I had another letter by this day's mail from Mr. Green in which he states that the committee wish me to go to the Pawnees. I suppose that we shall be called upon to bid adieu to friends in about one month from this to take up our abode among the red men of the western prairies. I had looked upon the Sandwich Islands as the place where we were to spend our remaining days and had read with lively interest all that I could obtain respecting them. From the last letter of Mr. Green's it would seem that there is no prospect of our being sent to those far off islands for a long time to come if at all. The present state of funds is such that the committee would not feel warranted in sending a reinforcement there soon. For my part I should by far prefer to go to the Pawnee country than to wait an uncertain length of time and run the risk of not going at all to the heathen. It is my desire to be permitted to carry to some darkened mind the news of a Savior's death, and I am anxious to be engaged in the one employment which I hope is to be the business of my life. It seems to me that there is nothing worth living for but to disseminate a knowledge of the Savior's righteousness. It is His righteousness alone that will avail anything for any created and fallen being, but it can avail nothing without belief. How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard and how shall they hear without a preacher?

Yours as ever, Timothy Emerson Ranney.

16.

My Dear Charlotte:— Westminster West, Vt. April 17, 1844.

I am now at my father's and seated to write to you. I know that it

is not long since I saw you, at least my judgement tells me so, though my feelings would indicate a different fact. . . .

The Deacons have appointed a committee to make the arrangements for my ordination. This committee are to have a meeting this evening at Mr. David Hitchcock's. I expect the ordination will take place two weeks from this day. Father Field is to give the charge, which he said last night he had completed.

I have spoken for a horse and wagon to go to Ashby next week Friday or Saturday as I proposed when I saw you. I think it is best for us to come up here on Monday before the day of ordination, so as to have one day to rest between riding so far and the meeting on that day, which will probably be long and tedious, though I hope solemn and interesting.

As to making arrangements for the ceremonies at Ashby, I must leave them mostly with you. If it is agreeable to you, I should like to be joined with yourself in matrimony before returning to Westminster. . . .

Yours as ever, Timothy Emerson Ranney.

[*On April 26, 1844, Mr. Ranney went to Ashby where he and Charlotte Taylor were married the following day. On April 28, he returned to Westminster West with his bride. On May 1, he was ordained in the Westminster West church. Before the end of the month the young couple set out on their long journey to the Indian country. From a letter written on the journey we can compare the transportation methods of 1844 with those of to-day. Railroads had not been built, but quite an elaborate system of canals followed the large river valleys. After reaching Albany by stage coach, they were able to travel by water all the way to Council Bluffs in what is now the state of Iowa.*

The following letter was postmarked Louisville, Ky., June 14, 1844, and received in Westminster on June 24th of the same year. C.R.R.]

17.

My Dear Parents:—

On board the line boat "City of Buffalo," May 20, 1844.

I think I promised you when I was with you that I would furnish you with something in the shape of a journal of my voyage to my destined field of labor. I begin this journal when starting from Albany because I wrote to you to-day giving some account of what passed before arriving in that city. We started from Albany between twelve and one o'clock P.M. We have a pleasant company and think we shall

become quite attached to them before we arrive at the end of our journey. The names and residences of them so far as I have ascertained are Mr. Hewlett and wife of Brooklyn, N.Y., on their way to Syracuse; Timothy Morgan, with wife and child, the latter about two years old; Mrs. Barker of the Baptist Shawnee Mission, who also has a child about eighteen months old. Two gentlemen with their wives, one of whom has a child about eleven months old; their names and residences I have not yet learned. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are on their way to the territory of Iowa.

We have to-day passed through eighteen locks on the canal. Our room is small, but the air is so damp that we dare not have the rooms open at all.

May 21, 1844.

Arose this morning at four o'clock and walked the deck awhile. Found it very bleak and cold. It rained hard most of the night and now seems to be clearing off. Soon after I went on deck we crossed the Mohawk River, the canal running over the water. We soon came to Schenectady, thirty miles from Albany; here I mailed a letter to you. The wind blew most of the day so hard that we could not stay on deck but were obliged to shut ourselves up in the cabin, where I had an opportunity to read some books which I put in my bag when I came from Boston. This afternoon we had quite a hearty laugh in the cabin. Mr. Hewlett, who is somewhat of an eccentric man, left the boat sometime before dinner without saying anything to his wife and had not returned till about three o'clock. When we were passing under a bridge, some one was heard to jump onto the deck from the bridge. Mrs. Hewlett, supposing it to be her husband, immediately concealed herself so that when he entered the cabin he did not see her there. He went to the after cabin to inquire for her there. Not finding her there, he soon returned apparently under some concern about the safety of his wife. This afforded some mirth, but we were more pleased when she was discovered concealed behind a door, for she went through the process of correcting her husband severely for his error.

We found that we could walk a little ways which we did cheerfully though the wind blew too hard to be very comfortable. We gathered some specimens of flowers, some of which neither of us had seen before. We were this afternoon joined by another passenger who is going to be with us to Buffalo. He joined us at Port Jackson, which is the next considerable village after leaving Schenectady. Port Jackson is forty-six miles from Albany. The next place was Schoharie

Creek, which we passed just as it grew dark—this is fifty-three miles from Albany.

May 22, 1844.

This morning was a perfect contrast with yesterday morning. The morning was cold and frosty, but after the sun had been risen a while, it was clear and there was a prospect of a fine day. We got off and walked about two miles in the forenoon and gathered more flowers, some new ones which we did not find yesterday. About noon to-day we came in sight of a village called Little Falls. We sat on the deck and looked at the beautiful boat and more beautiful scenery till called to dinner.

After eating a hasty meal and coming on deck again, we found that the scenery had improved since we went below. We soon had an opportunity of getting off, and learning that we were to pass several locks we wandered from the road onto the mountain to take a view of the village and surrounding scenery. We found that we were on an elevation which I should take to be some two hundred feet above the canal. From this position we could view the chasm below, on one side the canal filled with boats, on another the village and falls of the Mohawk which altogether presented one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed. On coming down from the mountain we gathered a large bouquet of beautiful flowers. We found we were behind the boat, but with a few minutes of hard walking we overtook it again. We find this way of traveling very slow, and instead of being in Buffalo next Sabbath, as I expected and as the agent in Albany told me I should, it is more probable that we shall be there one week from next Sabbath.

May 25, 1844.

Yesterday and day before I did not find it convenient to write. We were much troubled with excessive heat and the incessant squalling of children. To-day we are not much better off and in addition are much vexed with mosquitoes, which we found very abundant last evening and this morning.

We have been joined by passengers of various descriptions since I wrote last and have been deserted by several whom I mentioned before. Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett left yesterday at Syracuse where we delayed some two hours or so. We passed yesterday the water works of Salina, N.Y. We found to-day that it would be necessary to leave the boat and company which we now enjoy in order to have a Sabbath. The captain says that he will get to Rochester by time to go to church and will remain till after church. I do not consider that as keeping the Sabbath and shall leave the boat "City of Buffalo" (Capt. Sam

Bellinger) at Palmyra, hoping to have a quiet Sabbath by this means.

Sabbath, May 26, 1844.

We found ourselves this morning comfortably situated at a public house kept by B. Newton in the pleasant village of Palmyra. We left the boat last night about nine o'clock. This morning called on the Rev. Mr. Fisher, the Presbyterian minister in this village, and in the forenoon heard him preach from the fifth commandment and in the afternoon listened to a discourse by a young man by the name of Huggins. In the evening I preached from Rom. XII, 1. Had an interesting and attentive congregation. We were invited to take lodgings with some of the benevolent people, but preferred not to change our rooms from the tavern because of the trouble attendant upon moving our things.

May 27, 1844.

Waited some time this morning for a boat to come along. Took passage at last about eleven o'clock on the boat "Ashland" (Capt. Waite). On board this boat also we were so fortunate as to meet with a very agreeable company, some people from Connecticut.

We passed to-day through beautiful fields of wheat which were beginning to show the heads. We passed one beautiful village called Pittsford which we walked through between sundown and dark.

May 28, 1844.

Awoke this morning and found ourselves in the city of Rochester. Found on inquiring of the captain that we were to lay here some hours, so we took time to run over the city and among other things visited the falls where Sam Patch took his last leap. The falls are estimated variously as to height, some making them as high as 120 feet. My judgement would make them a little less than 100 feet. A man was fishing down below the falls, of whom we inquired the height. He looked around to them and guessed they were about 75 feet high, seeming to be entirely unconscious of their grandeur. The size of the river I should take to be a little less than that of the Connecticut at Bellows Falls. The main falls was perpendicular the whole distance. We were told that there were two or three other falls below the main falls but inferior to the main falls in magnificence. We left Rochester between nine and ten o'clock. We have gone along much more rapidly than we did last week.

May 29, 1844.

We went to bed last night expecting to be awakened early this morning to see Lockport. As usual we found ourselves far short of

the expected place this morning, but we bore it as patiently as we could till about nine o'clock when we came to Lockport—a romantic place indeed. There are five locks each ten feet high, and after passing them we went seven or eight miles where the canal was dug in solid rock.

June 13, 1844.

It is a long time since I have written anything to you. We are now on board the steamboat called "The West Wind," which lies moored before Louisville, Ky. From Rochester to Buffalo I found the boat so crowded with passengers that it was inconvenient to write. We arrived at Buffalo on the day following the one on which we left Lockport. Spent one day in Buffalo. We intended to have gone to Niagara Falls, but the day proved to be too rainy to go about much. Sailed from Buffalo on Thursday evening about seven o'clock in the steamboat "Commander Perry" for Cleveland. The Lake was rather rough during the night and grew more so till noon of the next day. We awoke safely moored at Erie, Pa., where we remained during the day on account of the roughness of the weather. We finally sailed from Erie about seven o'clock in the evening, and the next morning found ourselves in Cleveland, Ohio. This was Saturday morning and we determined not to leave Cleveland on our journey till Monday. On Monday we took passage on the boat "Wm. Conwell" for Portsmouth, but we did not leave till Tuesday noon.

[*From Louisville, Mr. and Mrs. Ranney sailed down the Ohio, up the Mississippi and Missouri to Council Bluffs and went from there by horseback to the Pawnee Mission. The exact location of the Pawnee Mission is not known. Most of the Pawnee villages were located on the Platte River, west of Council Bluffs, in the territory which later became the state of Nebraska, and we know that the mission was located somewhere in this territory. About a year after they arrived at their station, news reached the missionaries of the death of Joseph Ranney, Timothy's father. A letter of condolence was written, part of which is in the hand of Timothy and part in the hand of Charlotte. The following are extracts from this letter. C.R.R.*]

18.

My Dear Mother:— Pawnee Mission, June 28, 1845.

And so is my father gone? When the sad intelligence first reached me I had mingled emotions which it would take another pen than my own to describe. Though I scarcely expected to see him again this

side of Heaven, yet I hoped to hear of his welfare on earth a little before he departed to be here no more forever. It is all right I trust, he is not lost for God took him. What was our loss, we hope, was his gain. The exchange of worlds for him was glorious; earth for Heaven. Let us therefore dry our tears and make suitable preparation to meet him where tears shall flow no more forever.

I can think of nothing that would be likely to interest you more than some account of our situation and prospects for usefulness in this land of moral darkness and spiritual death. We have invariably enjoyed good health since we have been here. Kind Providence has watched over us here as always. Some of the time we have been in the midst of excitement and we apprehend not entirely free from danger of savage malice. Hitherto hath the Lord upheld us and we trust Him for strength for the future. We have seen the wild Indians of the prairie excited to fury by the wrongs they were suffering at the hands of the white man, but they have not molested us and have much reason to think they look upon us with favor. Perhaps they understand but little of our motives in coming among them. As yet we do not know that there is one among them that has obeyed the requirements of the Gospel or has comprehended them so that he is capable of obeying. Many of them listen with fixed attention when they can hear the Gospel preached in their own tongue. We yet understand so little of their language that it is difficult to convey to their minds any right apprehension of the Truth as it is in Jesus.

Mr. Dunbar is engaged in translating the Gospel by Mark into their language. In order to acquire a knowledge of the language I spend some time writing with him.

As to our family, you have probably heard that we have two girls. One a half-breed about eight or nine years old and we think a lovely girl. She has been with us since the twenty-sixth of October last. We call her name Eliza Farrar. Her mother was killed a few years since by a war party of the Kansas tribe. At the same time this girl was taken and scalped, of which she has the marks now on the back of her head. We think she is becoming quite attached to us and hope will be unwilling to leave us at present. She has often said she would like to have us go to the States so that she might go with us. As to our other girl—she is a full-bred Indian. Her father and mother are both living. We should judge that she is about six or seven years old. They keep no account of the ages of their children. She came to live with us the first day of last May, and we think she has improved rapidly in her appearance for the two months. Both of the girls are learning

to read, spell and sing, and the older one to write. We hope it will not be long before she will be able to write a few words that you may see.

All of the Indians are fond of the white man's singing and will sit a long time and listen to the little music we are able to make, though they cannot understand the words at all. I often wish that one of my brothers were here, who could play on a flute or some other instrument. I think it would have a happy effect upon the minds of these untutored people.

This from your son, Timothy.

19.

[*Enclosed in the same letter was the following in the hand of Charlotte. C.R.R.*]

Dear Mother:—

But a few moments are allotted to me for the purpose of conversing with you through the medium of the pen. Could I but see you in this hour of trial I would allow my tears to flow afresh with yours at the dispensation of an all wise Providence and mingle my petitions with yours before The Throne of Grace for resignation and for wisdom. How transient are earthly comforts! May we, as the cords which confine us to this world are severed, place our affections more strongly on enduring and substantial joys.

Do you ask how I spend my time here? Two hours every day I am employed in teaching a class of Indian girls in their own language to read, write, and sing in English. The rest of my time I devote to domestic duties and to assisting our associate, who has a large family of children, about her needlework. Our circle of white people here is small, there being seven families among a population of several thousand Indians. What little society we have is pretty good though not the most refined.

It is sometimes revolting to see the degrading and filthy habits of these children of nature. Their ignorance and stupidity! Nothing but the hope of elevating them would induce us to stay among them. We hope that ere long this moral wilderness will blossom as the rose and the fruits of righteousness abound. Our prospects have been shaded with gloom, but the star of hope is beginning to shed its benign influence over and around us. We seem to see the heathen abandoning their superstition and embracing the True Light. How soon this will be a reality, we know not. Will you not pray that it may be rapidly?

Your affectionate daughter, Charlotte.

A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

I. A HISTORY OF CATHOLICISM IN VERMONT

by THE REV. FREDERICK R. WILSON, J.C.D.

This is the third in a series of brief histories of the religious faiths which have had a marked influence on the history of Vermont. The first, "Vermont Baptists through the Years" by Leon S. Gay, appeared in our April, 1952 issue; the second, "A Short History of the Episcopal Church in Vermont" by the Rev. Charles Folsom-Jones, in January, 1953. Editor.

The first Catholic to visit Vermont was the French explorer, Samuel de Champlain, who discovered the territory in 1609 and gave his name to the great lake which borders it. The French did not attempt to settle here until 1666 when they built Fort St. Anne at Isle La Motte. In the winter of that year Father Dollier de Casson, a Sulpician from Montreal, came to minister to some sick soldiers. A chapel was built for him during his three-month stay, the first religious edifice in New England. The following year, three Jesuits preached a mission at the Fort. In 1668, Rt. Rev. Francois de Laval de Montmorency, Vicar Apostolic of Quebec, visited the Fort and administered Confirmation. Fort St. Anne continued for several years, but finally the French withdrew to Canada and burned the stockade.

About 1700 a stone chapel was built at Swanton for the Catholic Abnaki Indians by Jesuit missionaries. A temporary settlement for fourteen French Canadian families was made at Alburg about 1734. Further south, at Chimney Point, a trading post was set up; it continued until 1759 when the garrison was withdrawn.

On April 8, 1801, Bishop Carroll of Baltimore accepted the offer of Bishop Denaut of Quebec to care for the French Catholics near the boundary. Also, through the Catholic influence of Canada a convert movement began among the native Americans. Fanny Allen, daughter of General Ethan Allen, became a Catholic in 1807 while a student at the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame in Montreal. She was the first Vermonter to become a nun. On September 29, 1808, she became a novice of the Religious Hospitallers at Montreal and was professed on March 18, 1811.

Rev. Daniel Barber, a minister, who, at the insistence of her parents,

gave Fanny Allen Protestant Baptism in 1807, was present at her profession. He was deeply impressed and her example led to his conversion and that of all his family. His son, Virgil, also a minister, became a Catholic together with his wife, his son, and four daughters. He and his wife separated, she to become a Visitation nun, he to become a Jesuit priest. His son also became a Jesuit and the four daughters became nuns.

Mrs. Daniel Barber preceded her husband into the church, together with her sister, Mrs. Noah Tyler, her husband, and their seven children. William, one of the sons, later became the first Bishop of Hartford.

Daniel Barber resigned his ministry at Claremont, N. H., immediately after his wife's conversion and was converted. His son, Father Virgil, later returned to Claremont to build New Hampshire's first Catholic church. The Barber family influenced many like the Tylers to embrace the Faith.

In 1810, Boston was made a diocese with Vermont as part of its territory. Five years later it was discovered by Bishop Plessis of Quebec that there were over a hundred Catholics in Burlington; so he asked Father Matignon of Boston to visit them. He came on October 15, 1815, and baptised many children. Thenceforth, it was arranged with Bishop Plessis of Quebec that Rev. Pierre Marie Mignault of Chambly, Quebec, should regularly visit Burlington. This he continued to do until 1853, always at his own expense.

From 1822 to 1823 Rev. James McQuade of Salem, Mass., came to Vermont, making his headquarters at Middlebury.

In 1829, Rev. James Fitton was sent by Bishop Benedict Fenwick of Boston to visit Vermont. He preached and gave the sacraments wherever Catholics could be found. In his report to the Bishop he stressed the friendliness that was accorded him even by non-Catholics.

At last, in the summer of 1830, the Bishop of Boston found a priest he could devote solely to Vermont. At New York City he met Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan from Ireland who gladly accepted the invitation to Vermont. On July 6, he set out from Boston for his mission, instructed to visit successively Wallingford, Pittsford, Vergennes and Burlington. On August 27, he reported that there were a thousand Catholics in Burlington and that he had been offered land for a church. The Bishop came to Burlington and preached at a Mass in Howard's Tavern on Sunday, December 12. He offered to build a church as soon as enough money was collected. On September 9, 1832, he dedicated the new Church of Saint Mary. Four years later the

Catholics of Castleton purchased a carpenter's shop and remodeled it into a church.

For short intervals several priests aided Father O'Callaghan. Rev. Amable Petithomme labored among the French-Canadians of Burlington from May, 1834 to October, 1835. Rev. Simon Walsh cared for southern Vermont from October, 1833 to June, 1834. Rev. Patrick O'Beirne and Rev. Peter Connolly labored briefly in northern Vermont.

In 1837, however, Rev. John B. Daly, a Franciscan, took charge of southern Vermont. He made his headquarters at Castleton and at Middlebury. In the latter place he built a brick church in 1840.

Father O'Callaghan also built a new church, in Burlington, this time of brick and in a more central location, the site of the present Cathedral School Yard. It was dedicated to St. Peter on October 31, 1841.

A French-Canadian parish was started by Father Ancé in 1841, but he soon returned to Canada. Also in 1841, Rev. William Ivers took charge of the congregation at St. Albans. However, he left when the building of a church proved impossible.

The Irish Immigration of 1847, caused by the Potato Famine, brought great numbers to Burlington. The influx continued for several years, and in 1850 the church had to be enlarged.

Many French-Canadians were coming to Burlington, and so, on April 8, 1850, a new parish was founded for them at Burlington by Rev. Joseph Quevillon of Montreal. The new church was finished for Christmas, 1850, and was dedicated by Father Pierre Mignault, V. G., on June 1, 1851. This is the first French-Canadian parish in New England. Father Quevillon built a church at Brandon in the following year.

St. Albans again had a pastor in 1847 in the person of Rev. George Hamilton. He built a church at Swanton at once and one at St. Albans in 1848. A church was built in Fairfield in 1847, and a church was purchased from Congregationalists at Highgate in 1849.

Montpelier became a parish on February 15, 1850, with Rev. Hector Drolet as pastor. A courthouse converted to a church was dedicated to St. Augustine in November of that year.

There were five priests and ten churches in Vermont in 1852. They were: St. Mary's, Burlington, with Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan; St. Joseph's, Burlington and the Church of Our Lady of Good Help, Brandon, both under Rev. Joseph Quevillon; Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, Middlebury and Saint John the Baptist, Castleton,

both under Rev. John B. Daly; Saint Augustine, Montpelier, under Rev. Hector Drolet; and Immaculate Conception, Saint Albans, Saint Mary's, Swanton, Saint Louis, Highgate, and Saint Patrick's, Fairfield, all under Rev. Edward McGowan. There were about twenty thousand Catholics scattered throughout the state.

The Sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore meeting in May of 1852 judged Vermont ready to become a diocese and recommended to Pope Pius IX the Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, Vicar General of Cleveland, as first Bishop of Burlington. The Holy Father announced the erection of the Diocese and the naming of Father de Goesbriand as Bishop on July 29, 1853.

Bishop de Goesbriand, born on August 4, 1816, was the son of Marquis Henri de Goesbriand and his wife Emelie de Gergean of Lanurven, Brittany. He had come to America after ordination in 1840. The new Bishop was consecrated on October 30, 1853, by Archbishop Bedini, Nuncio to Brazil, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City. On Sunday, November 6, the young Bishop, only thirty-seven, was installed at the Cathedral in Burlington by Bishop Fitzpatrick.

Bishop de Goesbriand immediately took charge of St. Mary's parish. Father O'Callaghan soon retired from active ministry and finally left Burlington in May of 1855. He established St. Jerome's Parish at Holyoke, Mass., where he died in 1861.

The Bishop established St. Joseph's Orphanage on May 1, 1854, at the old Pearl Street House in Burlington. The Sisters of Providence from Montreal came to care for the orphans and conduct Vermont's first Catholic school, the enrollment of which was two hundred and fifty-four. A separate boy's school was opened at Burlington in 1857 by a layman, Michael Mulqueen. In 1863, another school was opened at Winooski by the Sisters of Providence.

Bishop de Goesbriand welcomed the first priest ordained for the diocese, Rev. Thomas Riordan, on May 13, 1854. At the same time Rev. John B. Daly, the missionary, retired, going to New York City where he afterward became the Chaplain of the Female Orphan Asylum at Prince Street. He died there on December 11, 1872, in the 78th year of his age.

To fill the need for priests the Bishop de Goesbriand went to Ireland and France in 1855 in search of future missionaries. Two young Irish priests and two Breton priests answered the call. Also five Breton seminarians came with Bishop de Goesbriand and were ordained later.

The first diocesan synod was held at the Cathedral on October 4

and 5, by Bishop de Goesbriand. Present were Rev. Augustine Gaudet and Rev. Francis Coopman, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Rev. J. Lionnet, Rev. Zephyrin Druon, Rev. Thomas Riordan, Rev. Thomas Lynch, Rev. Charles O'Reilly, Rev. Peter Le Calver and Rev. Joseph Brelivet. The Bishop remarked, in his diary, "This little band of missionaries is animated with the truly apostolic spirit."

Successive appeals by the Bishop in Ireland and France brought several more priests to the diocese. In 1869, the Bishop issued a call to the Canadian Bishops for French-speaking priests. It was answered by more than twelve young men between that time and 1886. The first native priest, John Stephen Michaud, ordained in 1873, was later to become Vermont's first native Bishop. Seven Vermonters were ordained between 1876 and 1887.

Already in 1859, the Cathedral was becoming too small for its congregation, and Bishop de Goesbriand determined to build a new one. This was started in 1863 and completed in 1867. It was dedicated on December 8 of that year. Today it is the oldest cathedral in New England.

The former Cathedral was remodeled to become a school. Here the Sisters of Mercy from Manchester, New Hampshire, came in 1874. The Bishop built the present orphanage in 1883 and the old Pearl Street House became St. Joseph's College, conducted by diocesan priests. This continued from 1884 to 1890. In 1891, it became St. Joseph's Academy conducted by the Christian Brothers. This continued until 1896.

When Bishop de Goesbriand retired from the active administration of the diocese in 1892, the five priests of 1853 had become fifty-two and the ten churches had been multiplied to seventy-six. The Catholic population had increased from about 20,000 to 46,000. There were one college, six academies and eighteen parochial schools. Seven Congregations of Sisters had made lasting foundations here. The first, of course, were the Sisters of Providence who came from Montreal to Burlington in 1854. The Ladies of the Immaculate Heart of Mary came to Burlington to establish Nazareth School in 1862. The Congregation of Notre Dame came to establish Saint Mary's School at Saint Albans in 1868. The Sisters of Mercy from Manchester, New Hampshire, arrived in 1874 at Burlington to teach in Cathedral School. In 1873, the Sisters of Saint Joseph came to Rutland from Flushing, New York, to start Saint Peter's School. In 1886, the Sisters of the Presentation of Mary from Saint Hyacinthe, Quebec, began Saint Mary's Academy at Island Pond. In 1889, the Sisters of

the Holy Cross from Saint Laurent, Quebec, founded Holy Angel's School in Saint Albans.

In 1892, Rev. John Stephen Michaud was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Burlington, its first native Bishop. Bishop de Goesbriand retired to the orphanage, where he died in 1899 at the age of 83.

Bishop John Stephen Michaud was born in Burlington on November 24, 1843, the son of Stephen Michaud and Catherine Rogan. His father died when John was four, and his mother worked to support him and give him an education. It was with enviable pride that she received his blessing after he had been consecrated on June 29, 1892, by Archbishop Williams.

Bishop Michaud was mainly responsible for the founding of Fanny Allen Hospital at Winooski Park in 1894. The Religious Hospitallers of Saint Joseph from Montreal came to staff it. It was in this community, it will be recalled, that Fanny Allen became a nun. The hospital is located on land which once belonged to the farm of her father, General Ethan Allen.

In 1894, Bishop Michaud welcomed a religious community of men to the diocese. These were the Oblates of the Sacred Hearts, now known as the Society of Saint Edmund. They settled at Keelers Bay, Grand Isle. The community numbered two priests, one novice and one brother. In 1904, the Oblates opened Saint Michael's College at Winooski Park.

In 1903, the Sisters of the Holy Ghost of Putnam, Conn., established a school at Graniteville. Two years later the Daughters of Charity of the Sacred Heart, exiled from France by the anti-clericals, made their first North American foundation at Sacred Heart School in Newport. In 1907, the Sisters of the Assumption of Nicolet, Quebec, came to establish Saint Paul's School at Barton.

Outstanding among the works of Bishop Michaud was the completion of the Cathedral. He built up the great tower in 1903 and placed on it the statue of the Immaculate Conception as his personal gift. He died on December 22, 1908, in New York City, returning from a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The diocese had prospered under his kindly administration. There were now eighty-eight secular and fourteen religious priests, ninety-five parishes and missions.

On April 14, 1910, Rev. Joseph J. Rice was consecrated third Bishop of Burlington by Bishop Thomas Beaven of Springfield. He was born on December 6, 1871, the son of Henry Rice and his wife, Katherine Connelly, of Leicester, Mass. At the time of his election, he was the youngest Bishop in the United States, being only thirty-eight. One of

the highlights of his episcopacy was the building of Cathedral High School in 1916. Another great achievement was the erection of Bishop de Goesbriand Hospital at Burlington in 1923. He founded Trinity College for women in 1925. Catholic high schools were opened in Montpelier, St. Albans, and Brattleboro and a new Mount Saint Joseph Academy was opened in Rutland. The greatest of Bishop Rice's achievements, however, was the zeal and discipline of his clergy. Bishop Rice died on April 1, 1938. There were ninety-four secular and twenty-eight religious priests, one hundred and six parishes and missions. The Catholic population had increased fivefold since 1853. Then it stood at about 20,000 and now it was 102,837.

Two religious communities were established in the diocese: the Felician Sisters at West Rutland in 1924, and the Sisters of Saint Martha at Saint Michael's College in 1933.

Rev. Matthew Francis Brady was consecrated fourth Bishop of Burlington at the Cathedral on October 26, 1938, by Archbishop Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate. He was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, on January 15, 1893, the son of John Brady and his wife Catherine Caffrey. In the first year of his episcopate Bishop Brady organized Vermont Catholic Charities to serve the orphans, the aged, and the unfortunate. He established a Diocesan School Office to coordinate Catholic teaching in Vermont.

He established the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in every parish; he organized the Council of Catholic Women, the Boy Scouts, the Junior Catholic Daughters, and the Catholic Youth Organization. Bishop Brady also began the program of bringing the church nearer the people, especially in the rural areas. Twelve new churches were built during the six short years of his episcopate. In 1939, he built the new Trinity College in Burlington. In recognition of his great work and abilities, on November 11, 1944, he was transferred to the larger see of Manchester, New Hampshire.

Rev. Edward Francis Ryan was consecrated Bishop of Burlington on January 3, 1945, by Archbishop Richard Cushing in the Cathedral of Boston. He was solemnly installed at Burlington on February 7.

Bishop Ryan was born on March 10, 1879, the son of Simon Ryan and his wife Mary Breen of Lynn, Massachusetts. He was pastor of the Holy Name Church, West Roxbury, Massachusetts, at the time of his election.

The Holy Name Union was the work of Bishop Ryan. He greatly promoted the work of the Catholic Youth Organization. He founded the Vermont edition of *Our Sunday Visitor* in 1946.

In September of 1946, Bishop Ryan began the construction of the new wing of the Bishop de Goesbriand Hospital. This six-story building was completed in August, 1950, and is called St. Joseph's Pavilion. Eight religious communities have been established in Vermont by Bishop Ryan. The Redemptorist Fathers came to Bradford in 1945 to organize a large mission territory. The Carthusian Fathers established in 1950 at Whitingham their first foundation in the Western Hemisphere. In 1952, the Holy Cross Fathers started a novitiate on a large estate in Bennington. The Benedictine Fathers began a foundation at Weston in 1952. The Daughters of Charity of the Most Precious Blood came from war-torn Italy in 1949 to care for the housekeeping of the Society of Saint Edmund Seminary at Randolph. The Sisters of Saint Joan of Arc came in 1949 to care for the domestic duties of the Bishop's Residence. The School Sisters of Notre Dame began the Immaculate Heart of Mary School at Rutland in 1949. The Carmelite Nuns established the Monastery of the Immaculate Heart of Mary at Williston in 1950.

Bishop Ryan continued and intensified the program of building rural churches. Twenty-three have now been erected by him, bringing many souls the consolation of regular religious services for the first time. Under Bishop Ryan's direction the Immaculate Heart of Mary School was erected in Rutland; the Saint Peter's and Christ the King Schools there were enlarged. Probably the masterpiece of Bishop Ryan's building program was the complete renovation of the Cathedral, finished in December of 1949. The Cathedral and Saint Patrick's Chapel are today the object of constant admiration to visitors and parishioners alike.

At the close of the first hundred years the Diocese of Burlington shows that it has been a fertile section of the Lord's vineyard. There are now 148 diocesan and 52 religious priests in the diocese. There are 90 parishes, 49 missions, 50 chapels, and 7 stations. The Catholic population is 109,674. There are 16 religious Brothers and 576 Sisters. There are 59 diocesan seminarians and 65 religious seminarians.

There are two colleges educating 764 men and 106 women. There are 6 parochial high schools with 611 boys and 839 girls, 5 private high schools with 242 boys and 559 girls, 24 parish elementary schools with 4,306 boys and 4,493 girls, 3 private elementary schools with 280 boys and 504 girls. The one orphanage has 175 children in residence. The 3 hospitals have a capacity of 345 beds.

The motto of Bishop de Goesbriand, "God will provide," has, like a prophecy, been fulfilled. Throughout Vermont, thanks be to God, as is said in Malachi, I, 11, "My Name is great among the

Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice." In the words of Bishop Ryan's motto, "Great is the Name of the Lord."

2. A QUILT OF MANY MEMORIES *by* DOROTHY S. MELVILLE

Laura Britton Keyes Tyler sat sewing in the little vine-covered "summer house" on the edge of the high bank where her particular corner of Vermont in Brattleboro spilled precipitately into the Connecticut River. Close by, the familiar bulk of Wantastiquet rose abruptly from the New Hampshire side of the river. It was towards the close of the last century, so "the Island" was spread like a green carpet in the midst of the sparkling water. Beneath her, the Brattleboro shoreline curved inwards with the B&M tracks and permitted a long vista down the beloved river to the Massachusetts hills in the far blue distance.

The silk quilt the little lady was piecing for her pretty granddaughter, Ethel Brown, was the third one she had made towards the end of her long life. She had already completed one for her one remaining daughter, Edith, and for the oldest granddaughter, Helen. Ethel, for whom her present handiwork was destined, was married now and living in the Rectory in Northfield. She would make two more, she promised herself, one for each of Edith's daughters, Gertrude and Laura, her own namesake.

So thought Greatgrandma Laura as her busy fingers paused in their work and she glanced down at the quantity of silk pieces piled neatly in a basket on the bench beside her. They were reminders of people and events long gone and dearly remembered. She touched caressingly pieces of the taupe brocade she had worn on her wedding day in 1840.

Mrs. Royall Tyler turned and looked with affection at the house where her three daughters had come into the world and which her husband had built at the corner of Tyler, Terrace and Walnut Streets in Brattleboro early in their married life. Ensconced on its high green terrace, it would forever contemplate the beautiful vista southward. North of the house, Tyler Street stretched for one peaceful green block along the river bank in the shadow of the friendly mountain.

Judge Tyler, for whom the street was named, had died in October 1896, the fall after Ethel's wedding, after a long career as Judge of Probate in his native town. Born in Brattleboro in 1812, the ninth child of Royall and Mary Palmer Tyler, he was the last one of their eleven children to depart this life. Baptized "Charles," his name was legally changed to "Royall" after the death of his eldest brother at the age of nineteen.

From where she sat, Laura could just glimpse the house at the far

end of "the Terrace" (corner of Putney Road and Park Place), where the Judge's mother and sisters had lived for so many years and where his father, the Chief Justice, had died in 1826.

Her own parents also had lived on "the Common" in the vicinity of Tyler Street, at the corner of Putney Road and North Street, or "Keyes Lane," as it was called when she had moved to "Riverside" as a bride.

Laura Britton Keyes was born in Putney in 1817, the daughter of Asa Keyes and Sarah Britton. Judge Keyes had died in 1880 at the age of ninety-three after a long and distinguished legal career. His grandfather, Daniel Keyes, bought a tract of land in Putney in 1778. Asa graduated from Dartmouth College in 1810 and taught in Chesterfield Academy across the river from Brattleboro, where he married Sarah Britton in 1815. They moved to Brattleboro from Putney in 1833. His mother was Abigail Lowell, through whom he traced his ancestry back to a cousin of William the Conqueror.

The old lady turned her attention again to the featherstitching with which she was joining the silk pieces in her hand. That dainty little checked taffeta was one worn by her own little Helen, their middle daughter, who had died in 1850 at the age of four.

She thought lovingly of the cherished pieces of the Colonial gown her oldest daughter, Gertrude, had worn at the Centenary Ball at the Brooks House in Brattleboro in 1876. Her mother remembered so well how pretty Gertrude had looked in the blue and white striped Chinese silk as she danced with her tall Navy husband, Allan Brown. He had brought the material from China with him and also the bright blue satin which had formed the underskirt and the heart-shaped front of the little bodice which had set off Gertrude's petite figure to perfection.

Little Edith, the youngest daughter, was there, too, dancing with her fiancé, Will Platt, and wearing the rich plum-colored brocade with underskirt of that delicate aqua taffeta.

Laura thought with satisfaction of the clipping they had kept from the *Vermont Phoenix* which described the scene with the exuberant enthusiasm of that day. "Hon. Asa Keyes" and "Judge Royall Tyler" were listed among the "Floor Managers" and among the costumes described were those of "Lt. Commander and Mrs. Allan D. Brown," "Miss Edith Tyler," and "Mr. George Willard Platt." She was glad, too, that Edith had described the occasion in the "Journal" which her descendants (and Gertrude's) would cherish.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six had been a happy year for them.

The Browns had returned from a long sojourn in California where Allan had been stationed at the Navy Yard at Vallejo.

The years immediately following had been saddened by the loss of Gertrude, who died in childbirth at Annapolis in 1877, leaving motherless little "Eth-y" and teen-age Helen, named for her little aunt, Helen Tyler.

That soft blue silk with the brown figure recalled the ball dress Helen had worn at her debut in Washington, when her father was stationed at the Naval Observatory.

There were other mementoes of the "Gay Nineties" after Commander Brown had been retired from the Navy and they had all come back to Tyler Street, to Allan's home at "No. 9." They, too, were in Northfield now though, since Allan had become president of Norwich University.

Edith's daughters, Gertrude and Laura, were fast becoming young ladies, her thoughts ran on, and it behooved her to hurry with Ethel's quilt.

So Great-grandmother joined the bright scraps of silk together with her memories, even as she joined their sundry shapes with a variety of intricate stitches.

Many of the pieces of solid color she embroidered with different designs and finally bound the whole quilt with red satin ribbon finished in briarstitch.

Laura Britton Keyes died in June of 1907 and is buried in the "Tyler Lot" on Prospect Hill, Brattleboro, with the five generations at rest there, but the quilt she made for my mother, Ethel Ruth Brown Sutherland, is a living reminder of earlier days in our ancestral Connecticut Valley.

3. SEWALL'S PITCH *by* ELMER DAVIS

One of my regrets that grows deeper with the years is that, long ago, I did not record, instead of merely listening with avid ears, the tales of old days that my grandmother told, also older men and women of a generation long gone. What they, in turn, knew and heard themselves from their grandfathers and grandmothers sleeps with them now in the everlasting faithfulness of our older cemeteries. However, we are sure that some of our members listened and then recorded what they heard. Such versions of the past have not the cold factual basis that the historian seeks, but here and there there is a gleam and glimmer that serves even him. We welcome such recorded or remembered versions of the past. Mr. Elmer Davis of Gaysville, Vt., now a retired mechanical engineer, sends us a remembered story

based on memories of his grandparents' reminiscences. We prefer that versions sent us do not attempt to recreate a character as Mr. Davis did—even if Amos Sewall was the true name of a great uncle. However, we enjoyed this sketch and pass it along to you. Editor.

No, this is the end of the road. In my grandsir's day it used to go across and join the Woodstock road about four miles further on. There was five farms on it then, but there's nothing left of 'em now only some suller holes and a few scraggley old apple trees, brush and second growth; and the best of that has been lumbered off.

Lonesome? Why no; can't say that me and Marshy ever get lonesome. Too many things to do. Anybody that gets their whole living off from a hill farm never has any time to get lonesome. Of course, we're away up here on top of the hill at the end of the road and not even the smoke of a chimney in sight; but, someway, we don't hanker after company much. Maybe it's in the blood. You see, this place has been in the family going on two hundred years now, handed down from father to son and we've always been pretty independent. Always tried to be good neighbors when we had any, but never asked for much help. Our old folks did for themselves, and I guess it's got to be kind of a habit. From family accounts my great-great-grandsir was a pretty salty character, and perhaps some of his cussedness has been handed down.

Why, yes, if you're interested in early days in Vermont, maybe I can tell you something about this particular patch of it. Can't swear to how much of it is true, but it's what family word o' mouth says is so. Come up on the porch out of the sun and set down. Marshy! Will you draw a pitcher of cider and if them old mouldy doughnuts ain't all gone; you might bring some of them too.

We'll have to start with Amos Sewall; he was some kind of relation to that old Judge Sewall that took such a front part in hanging the Salem witches and then was sorry for it afterward. Been better if he'd had a touch of conscience before than after, seems to me.

Amos was in his early twenties and come up here from #4 in New Hampshire looking for a good trapping country. That was somewhere around 1760. He'd been hunting and trapping and trading with the Indians before that, off and on; but this time he made his pitch here on this hill. Put up an open-faced camp and laid out a line of traps, maybe two of 'em; prob'ly did. An open-faced camp? Why, that's just what it is. Closed on three sides and partly open in front so that the heat of a fire in front will be thrown back into the camp. Generally

they pick out four small trees about the right distance apart, lay saplin's along the four sides near the top to support the roof, back side being lower than the front. Then cover three sides and the top deep with spruce or balsam branches. Simplest kind of a camp; only made to last one season.

Amos figgered he'd found a place to suit him; so next summer he married Peaceful Hart of Windsor; a big strong girl about his age and a good helpmeet for him, she being brought up in the backwoods—the 'Grants' as they was called then. According to all accounts she lived up to her name of Peaceful as long as nobody trod on her toes, but when she took the warpath she was all teeth and claws like a tomcat.

As I said, they was married in Windsor and then started off afoot for Amos' pitch. Being backwoods born and bred, they intended to live off game mostly and only packed in some meal, salt, some blankets, a few cooking dishes, and so forth. Just what they could carry easy on their backs.

Well, they built a small log-house up on the side of the hill there above the spring. When I was a boy there was a few pieces of the old logs left, but they're all rotted away now. They didn't build a chimney the first year, just had a smoke hole same as the Indians did, and a stoned-up fireplace right under the hole. Anybody that don't know different would think that the smoke would fill the house and choke folks to death, but that ain't so. Log houses can't be built tight enough but what air comes in through cracks and crannies, and if you handle your fire and the cover on the smoke hole right, the smoke goes right straight up and out the hole without any bother to speak of. My grandsir had a shanty built like that up in the sugar bush; so I know how it works. Probably they had a door made of split slabs hung on wooden hinges and a window of heavy greased paper. They couldn't have done anything but what was absolutely necessary, for he had his winter's firewood to cut before hunting season commenced. They was going to need bear skins for bedding and bear meat and fat for food. Fat especially; for while deer meat was going to be what they would depend on mostly, it was most all lean meat and fat of some kind they'd have to have to mix in; and as pork was out of the question, bear fat would have to do. Bear would have to be hunted before they denned up. Deer he could get at any time and hang up to freeze.

I s'pose they considered that they was fairly comfortable that winter although folks nowadays wouldn't think so with living conditions the way they be now, but you don't miss what you never had;

so they got along all right. Like enough Amos got a good catch of fur, because hearsay tells how she helped him pack it down to Windsor come spring. Coming back, they had it easier; Amos bought a horse to carry their stuff, and so she could ride some of the way.

She rode it back to Windsor the next fall, and my great-grandsire was born at her mother's home the next winter, and Amos stayed up here and run his trap lines same as he did before he was married. They lived here in the little log-house a couple years more, and then things begun to change. Fur was getting a trifle scarce, and there was two more families made pitches down on the river a couple of miles away where there was some natural meadows. I s'pose Amos got itching feet and felt too crowded and wanted to go further back into the woods.

But Peaceful had been doing some thinking now that the baby had come along. She couldn't see where she was ever going to have a settled home if they was to go trapesing back into the wilderness every time the trapping got a little thin. So she set right back in the breechin' and cocked her ears like a balky horse. Up to that time I guess they'd got along about as well as most married couples do; but now it was a case of a immovable body meeting a—something or other, I don't know what—and there was the Old Scratch to pay and no hot pitch. Amos was rough and tough and hard to curry below the hocks, and Peaceful was just the same then as most Vermonters are now, male and female: considerable set once they make up their minds.

So she told him flat-footed if he insisted on going somewhere else she was going to take the boy and go back to Windsor. Then things begun to get really warmed up. Separations and divorces was almost unheard of then; when a couple got married they stayed married till one of them died. Generally the woman passed out first. Between child bearing and hard work a woman had to be awful tough to stand pioneer life. That brought things to a point and quarrels got still hotter until one day Amos made the mistake of taking her by the shoulder and shaking her. She yanked away, grabbed a piece of firewood, and clouted him alongside the head, laid him out cold, and went on getting dinner.

Whether or not that give Amos a hint that she was in earnest, hearsay doesn't tell; but anyway later that summer he got holt of Benning Wentworth's agent and made a deal for four hundred acres of land around the pitch, paying ten pounds down and agreeing to pay thirty more when the land was surveyed. That was pretty cheap, but

it was all woodland. That suited Amos, for he never figgered on farming it any; all he wanted was elbow room and a chance to trap and hunt. He did, however, build onto the log-house, put in a stone fireplace and chimney and later on build a log barn. Bought a cow and pig and at least made a bluff at being civilized. By picking away at it by fits and starts he finally got a couple of acres cleaned up and some corn, potatoes and such planted amongst the stumps.

Things went on for a couple of years or so without anything happening except the general run of mischances liable to happen to any backwoods home, only that Wentworth's agent kept dunning them for the other thirty pounds even though he never had sent the surveyor as was the bargain. And he wanted cash instead of peltries as the writings called for. Amos wouldn't pay till it was surveyed, and Peaceful was getting her back up. He come one day when Amos was out hunting and got pretty sassy. Finally he threatened to put them off the place unless they did pay. That done it. Peaceful b'iled right over. She grabbed a dipper full of hot water out of the pot in the fire place and soused him right in the face with it. He yelled like a stuck pig and lit out of the house and onto his horse. She yanked the musket off the antlers and put a charge of buckshot over his head as he went out of the yard. She was still sizzling when Amos got home; so next morning he went down to Windsor, got holt of the sheriff and kept after him until he agreed to go with him up to the agent's house and witness just how the writings read. They went to the house all right, but the agent wa'n't there. In fact, nobody in Windsor ever did see him again. Whether he gathered in all the cash he could get his hands on and skedaddled, nobody ever knew; but anyway a new agent showed up a little later and took over. Amos' pitch was surveyed, he paid what he owed and got his deed. It's down in the town clerk's office now. I sold some stumpage some time ago, and I had to see just where the line run. It's all yellowed and coming apart where it's folded and the writing is faded some; but it's still in fair shape. I s'pose I ought to have copied it, but after a property has been in one family for going on two hundred years I guess nobody is going to dispute who it belongs to.

Guess the next that amounts to much was the time Peaceful got her comeuppance. All the time they had been living there they had been carrying their water from the spring up to the house, and she had been poking at him to dig a well nearer by and put up a well sweep. At last he'd got around to it and had dug down about eight feet without striking water. It was along in the fall, and one moonlight

night when Amos was out coon hunting she heard bedlam break loose down at the pig pen. They had a good-sized shoat in the pen and he was singing glory hallelujah. She thought maybe it was a wildcat, and as Amos had the gun she grabbed the axe off the woodpile and lit out for the pen. She seen something big and black wrastling with the pig, and when she got a chance she swung down with the axe. The something let out an awful squall and made a swipe at her, missing her by an inch but almost tearing her skirt off. She'd hit it good and hard and the axe was yanked out of her hand. She knew by that time that it was a bear, and as her axe was gone nothing was left to do only to run; and run she did, expecting every minute to feel the bear's claws in her back afore she could make the house. Half looking over her shoulder she didn't see just where she was going, and first thing she knew she had run right into the well hole, knocking the breath out of her but by good luck not breaking any bones. By the time she'd gathered her senses all the noises had stopped, and she tried to climb out but she was eight foot down and nothing to grab onto.

It was well toward midnight before Amos got home, and she'd been down there three hours or more. Lame, sore from bruises, bleeding where the skin was scraped off and mad! how mad she was, and so hoarse from yelling she couldn't only squeak; so Amos couldn't locate her at first and that made her still madder. So mad she couldn't talk; all she could do was to wave her hands and make motions. Amos got her out of the well and into the house, put bear grease on the places where the skin was off and got her into bed and calmed down some. But I'll bet it was many a long day before he heard the last of it. Because it was all his own fault; he'd no business being off coon hunting. After he got her straightened out, he went down and fixed up the pig pen. The shoat wasn't much hurt, only clawed in two or three places. Next day he took the trail of blood and finally come onto the dead bear. Peaceful's axe had chopped his fore leg most off and he'd bled to death.

I don't think there was any great amount of trouble with Indians in the Grants for some years after Amos made his pitch here. He was good friends with what few Abnakis that come through here so he didn't worry much. Once in a while a small band of young bucks up at the St. Francis town in Canada would get all haired up about scalps and glory and make a quick raid down this way, kill a settler or two and their wives and children, burn their buildings and hurry back home before anything could be done about it. Being before anything

else a hunter and woodsman, Amos was always watching out for Indian sign, and having good common sense, he had his plans in case it looked like danger. Out hunting one fall day he run across a track that looked mighty suspicious. He finally made out that it was where a band of Indians had passed single file, stepping in each other's tracks. He thought there was five or six of them. They were headed down stream, and his first thought was to warn the two settlers down there. He'd got maybe a third of the distance when he heard gun shots, and a few minutes later he saw a cloud of smoke. He knew he was too late, so he made tracks for home and told Peaceful. While he turned the horse and cow out into the woods and let the pig out of the pen, she gathered up the things they cared the most for, and all three hurried away up to a kind of a cave in a ledge of rocks away up on the side of the mountain, he covering their tracks the best he could. A rise hid the house from the cave and they couldn't see or hear anything, but they was taking no chances and stayed there three or four days, snaring rabbits and partridges for meat and cooking them at night. Then he started out to see what had happened. I s'pose he took the best part of a day to scout the place. From a lookout he saw that the barn was gone, but the house was still there; so he made a complete circle about and found the Indians' tracks where they had gone away, not trying to hide 'em. Still taking no chances he scouted around till he found for sure they had left for good before creeping up to the house. They had tried to burn the house as well as the barn, but maybe because they were in a hurry the fire didn't catch good and had flickered out without doing any great damage. But the inside was a mess; everything smashed that could be busted and everything that was worth carrying was gone. They had killed the pig, cut him up and took away some of the meat. But the horse and cow was standing near the burned barn. Amos crawled off into the brush and watched all night to make sure they was gone before he went up after Peaceful and the boy.

I s'pose if I wanted to make a hair-raiser of it, I could claim that he did all kinds of crazy stunts and killed off the Indians all by himself without getting a scratch; but that ain't the way the yarn has been handed down through the family, and I don't see any good reason to change it now. Mostly he was looking to keep the scalps of himself and his family where they grew, and being a woodsman by choice and training he knew that he couldn't run any risks whatever.

Soon as they got things picked up a little they started down to the river to see how the other two settlers come out of it. It could have

been worse; seems that a friendly Abnaki had warned them the night before that there was some wild Indians sneaking around, so they had all forted up in the house furthest up the river, and when the Indians come charging out, whooping and yelling, they were met by a blast of gunfire that wounded two of them before they found out their mistake. So they skinned out after setting fire to the buildings and killing what livestock they could get holt of.

Well, mister, the cider pitcher is empty; do you want any more? All right then, I guess I've run on about long enough for once, and time and farm chores can't wait so I've got to get going. If you're interested in what happened so long ago, run up some lowery day; plenty things come to pass up here, good and bad. Watch out for that thank-ye-marm halfway down the hill or maybe you'll bust a spring.

4. THE LANGMAID FARM *by* TENNIE GASKILL TOUSSAINT

Here is another sketch of one of our Century Farms which have a place in our Century Farm project. We plan to continue the search until all century-old farms, each one which has been in the possession of one family for a hundred years, are found. Editor.

In 1797, Danville was beginning to be pretty well settled. It was now the shire town of Caledonia County, and in September of 1796 Aaron Hartshorn and Thomas Dow deeded land at Danville Green for the use of the county buildings.

Vermont's first governor, Thomas Chittenden, resigned because of poor health; and Isaac Tichenor, the accomplished "Jersey Slick," began his first of eleven years as governor of Vermont.

On March 4, 1797, John Sincler deeded to Jethro Batchelder of Barnsted, County of Strafford, New Hampshire, lots No. 22 and 23, consisting of 79 and 90 acres respectively, the place where Sincler then lived in the town of Danville.

Part of that farm is now the Burl Langmaid farm, about two and one half miles northwest of North Danville, on the Walden Mountain road. This road turns off at the "Pope Cemetery" on the old North and South road. It is supposed that the aforesaid deed then included land to border on this road, because in 1823 Jethro Batchelder appears to have divided the farm between two sons, Moses and John B. Moses lived on his part of the farm down on the North and South road, and John lived on the present Langmaid farm.

There is an old story told about Moses Batchelder. Sometime around the year 1825 John Sprague Jr., a neighbor of the Batchelder's, oper-

ated a potato-whiskey-still, as did many young pioneers. There was no other market for potatoes in those days, and by converting them into whiskey, they brought the farmer a little much needed money.

Moses Batchelder worked for John Sprague, Jr., for a time. His job was to go into the woods and cut wood and draw it to the whiskey-still, where Sprague used it to boil his potatoes. Moses received a wage of 25c per cord. Every time he brought a load of wood to the still he filled up with potato-whiskey. A small son of Sprague's remembered seeing Moses reeling drunk three different times in one day, and also recalled that he came back to work, well and cold sober, the next morning, ready to start another day.

This story was told some over fifty years ago, and the narrator said, "It was no disgrace to drink, as liquor then was perfectly pure, and was not hurtful."

On June 27, 1845, about three weeks before John Batchelder died, he deeded the following property to his son, John K. Batchelder:

Parts of said lots 22 and 23, farm on which said John B. Batchelder now lives; also personal property, 8 cows, 1 yoke oxen, 9 head cattle, 85 sheep, 2 horses, 3 colts, all farm tools, wagons, sleds, and sleighs.

It is said that "John K.," as he was called, lived on the home place, and his sister, Emily, kept house for him.

In 1847, Willard Langmaid married Emily Batchelder and evidently went up to the farm to live and to operate the farm, as John K. was "quite a character," and it is said he never did much of anything that he should have done. There are countless stories still being told about him of incidents that happened a hundred years ago. Just mention John K., and elderly people will begin, "I remember Uncle Allen told me about one time. . . ." Finally, this whole northern part of the country got too hot for him, and he "skedaddled," no one knows where.

In 1857, he deeded the farm to his sister and husband, Willard Langmaid. Many good Morgan horses have been raised on this farm in past years, and some were shipped out west to Iowa.

One day during the year 1867, Link Langmaid, son of Willard, shot a woodchuck, with an old muzzle-loading musket, and as the woodchuck ran under the barn the wadded paper from the musket set fire to the barn and burned it. So the present barn was built that year, as that date is cut into a foundation stone, under the barn.

Willard sold the place to Link, and after Link died, his brother, Solomon, bought it.

Today, his son, Burl, owns and operates the farm. Burl married

Ethel Drew of North Danville, and they have raised a family of four boys and three girls on the farm. Three of the boys are married and operate farms of their own, and one girl married a farmer.

A large stone looms up in the hay-field across the road from the house. "I'll never blast that stone out of there. It will be there as long as I'm here," Burl said. "All the kids have played on that stone."

"We thought we were pretty big when we could climb up onto that stone, in our bare feet," the oldest son added.

This Langmaid farm is a prosperous modern farm, situated on a side hill facing the southeast, overlooking the surrounding countryside, and affording a fine view of the White Mountains. They can really look down on their neighbors around, and see about who is doing what, most any time of year. They operate a dairy of twenty-five or thirty cows, mostly Guernseys.

John K. was a well-known smuggler, bringing whiskey across the "Line" out of Canada. A good smart road-horse in those days could make the fifty-five mile trip to Derby Line in a day.

John K. would put up at one of his many friends' houses for the night, then load up and come back home the next day. That is, if he didn't run into trouble in the form of revenue officers, which he frequently did. He hatched up all sorts of schemes to outwit them, and they all worked, because they never did catch him.

For some time he had a poor old horse and springboard, with an old woman driving. John K. would walk along behind the rig to save the horse. Just a poor old couple. Nobody suspected them of rum-running, for a while.

One time John K. got started across the line with a keg of whiskey. The officers got wind of it and started chasing him. He had his fast horse, and when he got word they were after him he put the whip to the horse and lit out. When he got far enough ahead, he dumped the keg of whiskey out into the bushes beside the road and went on about his business.

It was not long before they caught up to him, and found no whiskey. When he thought it was safe, he went back and got the keg and continued his trip.

Again, one night the officers were following him, and he got out of his wagon and tied a good strong rope across the road. When their team hit that rope in the darkness, their horse was thrown "galley west," and the officers piled up in a heap behind him.

John K. liked a little "likker" himself occasionally, and was not adverse to sampling his own goods. In case he had none of his own, there was always the "likker agent," Asa Randall, down to North

Danville. He was a "contrary old cuss," though, and it was hard to get any "likker" of him unless the applicant was very needy.

John K. was a likable fellow, and a good talker. He had a lot of friends, but Asa Randall wasn't one of them. John K. would plead with Randall that one of his neighbors "was terrible sick. We'd kind of ought to do what we can for him. Maybe a little whiskey would start up his heart." There were times when he got the "likker," and more times when he didn't.

Asa Randall went out to his barn one morning, to find the tail cut off his horse up close to his body. He nearly bled to death. Asa always laid it to John K., but it was never proved against him.

The revenue officers got hot on John K's trail once and followed him up one of the roads near the home farm. Joel Sanborn, who lived on the present Fellows place, was cutting wood beside the road when he saw John K. hurrying along the road, afoot. Without an explanation he asked Joel if he could crawl under the pile of brush he had there.

Joel, a very slow, deliberate man, said, "It won't bother me none, as I can see." So John K. crawled under the brush-pile. Before long a couple of revenue officers came in sight up the road, all out of breath.

"Did you see a man go by here, mister? Did you see which way he went?"

Joel was piling brush on a big brush-pile, "Well, now, I didn't see nobody go by here. I've been cutting wood here for quite a spell now." Baffled once more, the revenue officers turned back.

Among the questions asked on the statistical forms for the Century Farms, is the date of the death of each owner of the farm. After diligent search the required dates of death were all found and recorded—all but John K.'s death.

The Langmaid family and old neighbors say that no one knows whatever became of him. Some say he went out West, where he continued his activities.

The last story known to have been told about him was this one. The revenue officers had just about caught up with him, were approaching the house on the road past the cemetery. John K. looked out and saw them coming and is said to have gone out the back door and ran down towards the cemetery, as the officers entered the house. He disappeared between the house and cemetery, and has never been seen or heard of since, alive or dead.

Legend has it that he left in such a hurry that he could not take a small trunk of money he had accumulated during his rum-running business.

The Langmaids were installing a new bathroom last year and had

to do some excavating in the cellar, and they found a tunnel, large enough for a man to crawl through, running diagonally under the kitchen to the back of the house.

Perchance this was the hole John K. dug to escape from the revenue officers, and he didn't have time to pull the hole in after him.

5. THE TWO SEAMSTRESSES OF WEYBRIDGE *by* FRANK HEYS, JR.

No exhibit in the Sheldon Museum in Middlebury is more arresting than the large antique cradle displayed there. Over six feet long, about two feet wide, and standing eighteen inches from the floor, the cradle arouses the curiosity of the visitor who has survived the climb to the third floor. A card attached to the display tells one that the cradle was built for Charity Bryant of Weybridge, that she was an aunt of William Cullen Bryant, and that it was her habit to lie down in the cradle after dinner and be rocked off to sleep by some companion. Behind these facts lies the story of a fascinating life.

Charity Bryant came to Weybridge in 1806, at the age of twenty-nine. She was accompanied by a younger lady, Sylvia Drake, who was to be her companion for the next forty-five years. A note in Parke Godwin's biography of William Cullen Bryant indicates that the two young ladies met each other at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and that they determined to move to Weybridge, Vermont, where Miss Drake had an older brother, Asaph Drake. Local tradition hints that the two women, strongly attracted to each other, swore never to marry but instead to live as companions for the rest of their lives. And the fact is that, willingly or unwillingly, the two ladies remained single, setting up a tailoring and dressmaking shop to support themselves.

In July of 1843, when Charity and Sylvia had long become fixtures in Weybridge, they were visited for the first time by Charity's poet-nephew, William Cullen. Writing later about the visit, the poet gave the following picture:

> If I were permitted to draw the veil of private life, I would briefly give you the singular, and to me most interesting, history of two maiden ladies who dwell in this valley. I would tell you how, in their youthful days, they took each other as companions for life, and how this union, no less sacred to them than the tie of marriage, has subsisted, in uninterrupted harmony, for more than forty years, during which they have shared each other's occupations and pleasures and works of charity while in health, and watched over each other in sickness; for sickness made long and frequent visits to their dwelling. I could tell you how they slept on the same pillow and had a common purse, and adopted each other's relations, and how one of them, more

enterprising and spirited than the other, might be said to represent the male head of the family, and took upon herself their transactions with the world without, until at length her health failed, and she was tended by her gentle companion, as a fond wife tends her invalid husband. I could tell you of their dwelling encircled with roses, which now, in the days of their broken health, bloom wild without their tendance; and I would speak of the friendly relations which their neighbors, people of kind hearts and simple manners, seem to take pleasure in bestowing upon them; but I have already said more than I fear they will forgive me for if this should ever meet their eyes, and I must leave the subject.

Methodical about all she did, Aunt Charity kept a letter record. (The two ladies were known by this time in Weybridge as Aunt Charity and Aunt Sylvia.) For the years 1838–1851 an entry is made of each letter received, with another entry when the letter was answered. Four or five of the entries refer to letters from the famous nephew. Yet although Aunt Charity saved all the letters she ever received, as nearly as can be determined, one searches in vain for those letters. A pathetic note in the files of the Sheldon Museum explains that Mr. Sheldon, founder of the museum, was forced to turn those letters into cash to support some of the other activities of the museum.

Along with the letter record, the two ladies also kept diaries. One journal, written by Sylvia Drake, is available for the years 1835–36, and permits us an intimate glimpse into their daily lives. Each Sunday, for example, there is an entry giving the text used by the minister in his sermon, and often the sermon is summarized. The following entry, for April 24, 1836, is typical.

"Sabbath 24. The cold distressing to man & beast. Another Holy Day spent too much of it in making provisions for the flesh. When will the time come that I shall feel that a day in thy courts are better than a thousand elsewhere. I attend meeting, hear Brother Lee deliver two sermons, one from I Corinthians 2 chapter, But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of the Lord, for they are foolishness in him. Romans 10, 17, For whosoever will call on the name of the Lord will be saved. A conference at this place at 5, my head well & felt it good to once more be surrounded by dear Christian friends, tho they did not make many remarks. Brother Lee, E. G. D., T. Green, and Henry lead in prayer. Sister Harriet D., & H. Lee & Laura make the number that compose our little meeting. My heart alas! how prone to wander."

Entries for the remainder of the week noted the commonplace

occurrences, names of callers, and work brought in. Saturday's entry summed up, in the manner of striking a balance, the work done over the past few days.

"Saturday December 26, 1835, I am so wicked that unless under the rod I am like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. With Miss B and Eliza's help I make an O(vercoat) for Mr. Crane. B makes one for his son and finishes a sp (?) for Charles Brittle. EE makes a pair of pts. for Mr. Cotter, a vest for Henry Vasle breasted and finished. M has my work & her own to do about the house. Mrs. Hagar brings soup and buttermilk. My dear C has the teeth ache."

Along with a daily commentary on events affecting the two ladies, Aunt Sylvia used her diary as a repository of information she wanted to remember. Curiously enough, this is often set down without any order, unseparated from the remainder of the entry for the day. Thus in one place we find the following:

".....Mark this ye who speak evil of some one every day & perhaps hour, my own heart condemns me. The Danube & Rhine rivers of Germany. A college and 2 seminaries in Granville, Ohio. B. D. Winner, D. D. Educated at Union N J, studied theology at Princton N J. Died at Boston 1835; Magellan in the service of Spain discovered the straits that bear his name in 1518."

And another entry reads in part:

"Abner calls frequently. Often speaks very thoughtlessly on cutting up the dead, killing his patients when he practices, etc. The Mediteranean lies on the north line of Africa....."

The lives of Charity and Sylvia had two centers—their tailoring shop and their attendance at church. In the former area they were highly successful, eventually operating an establishment employing three or four apprentices, some of whom lived with the two ladies. In times when the work came in faster than it could be handled, women from the neighborhood would be employed part time. Charity generally laid out the work and cut out the material; Sylvia took general charge of the housekeeping details, which was no easy task for the size home the two ladies maintained.

The other center of their lives, their religion, was no less demanding of their time. Each Sunday morning there was church service, sometimes with two sermons, and in the afternoon there was a congregational meeting. This latter took the form of a series of testimonials, and at times in the journal there is a quiet note that one of the brothers

spoke at great length. Tuesday evening there was a prayer meeting of the ladies of the church (was their need greater, or did they assemble to pray for the absent brothers?) and on Thursday evenings there was generally a church prayer meeting. Only seldom was the Vermont weather considered sufficient reason for absence. Absences there were, of course, but these were often followed by reflective entries in the journal.

An extension of the religious tenor of their lives was the hobby, if it can be called that, that Aunt Charity developed. Although the talent for poetry possessed by her nephew did not run in the family, Aunt Charity was willing to put together rhymed epitaphs for the grave markers of Weybridge folk. The following, for example, was composed on the death of a Mrs. Jewett, who died in 1837 at the age of eighty-five:

Prisoner, long detain'd below
Now, we trust, with freedom blest.
Welcome from a world of woe
Welcome to a world of rest.

The next one was discovered by the author as he roamed through Weybridge Cemetery looking for the graves of Sylvia and Charity. It marks the grave of Semantha Bell, who died in 1830:

Could fond affection's sight
And sorrow's bitter tear
E'er rescue from the grave
This stone had not been here.
Had not been here to mark
And guard this sacred dust
Or in her language say
Now in your Savior trust.

The strong ties of affection that bound Charity and Sylvia must have endured moments of stress. One such moment, quietly survived, is indicated in a letter written, in 1838, by the Rev. Eli Moody, at one time minister in the church at Weybridge, and then located near Northampton, Massachusetts. Moody's letter is in reply to one written by Aunt Sylvia, in which she evidently expressed a desire to enter the newly formed school for women at Holyoke. Moody cheerfully recommended "Mount Holy-Oke Female Seminary" and went on to give some details of the entrance requirements and the course of study. Aunt Sylvia should be acquainted with the general principles

of English grammar, should have a good knowledge of modern geography, and should have read a history of the United States. In addition, a familiarity with Watt's "On the Mind," Colburn's "First Lessons," and Adam's "New Arithmetic" would be a help. The period of attendance was three years, divided into two terms each year, with twenty weeks to a term. Students and faculty were to live together as one big family. Aunt Sylvia did not attend—whether the reason was the cost of the undertaking ("bill for board & tuition $16 per quarter, exclusive of fuel and lights") or her age (she was fifty-three at the time), we do not know.

Without doubt a high point in the quiet lives led by the two ladies was a trip they took in the summer of 1838. Traveling by their horse and buggy, and unaccompanied, Aunt Sylvia and Aunt Charity set out, on June 29, for the country around Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Their route led them over the mountains from Middlebury to Hancock, thence to Woodstock, Springfield, and down the Connecticut River to Amherst, Massachusetts. Tarrying there, they made side trips to see friends in the vicinity, and then set out again for the land near Boston. On the 26th of July, nearly a month after setting out, they reached Sharon, Massachusetts, and settled down to a round of family visits, short trips, and pleasant times with old friends.

An enjoyable summer passed quickly away, and once again it was time to take the road. On the 28th of August Sylvia and Charity hitched the horse to the buggy and started back to the Green Mountains. This time the route led through Nashua, Henniker, Claremont, and Royalton. On Wednesday the 5th of September, they are back once more in Weybridge, settling down to the routine. The journal of the day reads in part:

"Sister sweeps and I sweep and Miss Bell sweeps and still we are not clean. Dear C. works. I brown coffee, etc. Buel Warner brings cloth for a vest. Retire a poor ingrate and in consequence, have a poor night."

Never robust, they suffered more than usual from the rigors of traveling. The journal abounds with entries referring to ill health and attempts to find relief. In most cases the cure sounds worse than the condition. Take, for example, the following: on July 1st, Charity took thoroughwort and rhubarb for a cold. The next day she had a headache and took half a pill of opium. On the next two days, although the cold was better, she purchased more opium, tamarind, and camphor. By the 15th of July she was absorbing such heroic doses as a

spoonful and a half of castor oil, catnip, mullen, and yarrow tea. Nor was Sylvia any better off. On the 27th of August, the journal records, she was sick in bed, and the remedy administered by Charity was "camomile tea, emetic wine, warm water, crackers and water, wine and water." Following that, Sylvia notes, she vomited fifteen times.

Yet for all that they were so frail, the two ladies could dine like trenchermen. On the 18th of August, the day after writing that their "afflictions were like children—hard to bear and none to spare," Sylvia states that she and Charity ate beef, pork, potatoes, cucumbers, berry cake, cheese, and blackberry pie. She then records that she is "not well."

On another occasion they were both ill at 11 o'clock in the morning. Yet by 1 o'clock they were able to sit down to turkey, squash, beans, corn, cucumbers, potatoes, bread and butter, cheese, swamp whortle, custard pie, and ice water. And at still another time the menu was roast lamb, all vegetables, four kinds of cake, custard pie, bread and butter. In more ways than one, then, their trip in the summer of 1838 was an event to be remembered.

In spite of their headaches and illnesses, the two ladies came of sturdy stock. When Aunt Charity died in 1851 she was 74 years old. Sylvia closed the house and shop in Weybridge and moved in with brother Asaph Drake, whose house and land later formed part of the Morgan Horse Farm. She lived on there for 17 years and died, at the age of 83, in 1868. Charity's grave in Weybridge Cemetery was opened again, and the two ladies were once more together. A single headstone marks their common grave:

Sylvia
dau. of Thomas Drake
died
Feb. 13, 1868
aged 83

Charity
dau. of
Philip Bryant, M. D.
died
Oct. 5, 1851
aged 74

FOOTNOTES TO VERMONT HISTORY: A DEPARTMENT

Brief contributions that touch on any phase of Vermont history, whether factual, legendary, or traditional, will be welcomed for this department. Editor.

1. Peat and Elephants in Vermont

From Jason E. Bushnell, Bushnell's Museum, Vernon, Vt.

In *Facts about Peat*, a book published in Boston 1867, by Leavitt and Hunnewell, there are interesting facts about peat in Vermont. Peat is described as existing in every town in the state, averaging about five feet in thickness; and near Whiting Depot, on the Otter Creek, in boring for water, workmen found 80 feet of peat. In Albany there is a peat bed covering from 6 to 16 acres. Some 71 towns are listed as having abundant peat.

The remains of an elephant [*One tusk is now in the State Museum. Editor.*] were found in Mount Holly in 1848. Here is Zadock Thompson's reference:

> The Rutland and Burlington Railroad crosses the Green Mountains, in the township of Mount Holly, at an elevation of 1,415 feet; and the bones of the fossil elephant were found at that height. It was in a peat-bed, east of the summit station, that these bones were found. . . . The peat was fifteen feet deep before the excavation for the railroad was made.
>
> In making the excavation, the workmen found, at the bottom of the bed, resting upon the gravel, which separated it from the rock below, a huge tooth. The depth of the peat at that place was 11 feet. Soon afterwards, one of the tusks was found 80 feet from the place of the tooth above mentioned, which was a grinder. Subsequently, the other tusk and several of the other bones of the animal were found near the same place. These bones and teeth were submitted to the inspection of Professor Agassiz. [*Professor Jean L. R. Agassiz (1807–1873), the famous naturalist, Professor of Zoology, Harvard University. Editor.*] who pronounced them to be an extinct species of elephant. . . .
>
> So late as 2nd Sept., 1865, the tusk of an elephant was found in a peat bed about 5 feet below the surface, on the farm of D. S. Pratt, in Brattleborough, by a man who was excavating for compost. The following account of it is given in "The Vermont Record" of 5th Sept. The tusk is 44 inches in length, and 18 inches in circumference at the largest end, and 11 inches at the smallest. . . . The workman, on discovering it, took a piece to Mr. Pratt, remarking as he handed it to him, that he had found a curious piece of wood.

Mr. Pratt, on looking at it discovered its true nature. This tusk belonged to a species of elephant long since extinct, supposed to be the *Elephas Primogenius* (or mammoth), Blumenbach, that inhabited the northern parts of North America, having wandered across the Siberian plains to the Arctic Ocean and Behring Straits, and beyond to this country south to about the parallel of 40 degrees. Their bones show them to have been about twice the weight and one third taller than our modern species. [*This tusk can be seen in our State Museum. Editor.*]

2. Changes in Town Names
From Thompson's *Gazetteer*, p. 200, 1842 edition.

So many requests come to us requesting information about changes in town names that we are printing this list. The date indicates the date of the change. Editor.

Flamstead to New Flamstead, Nov. 3, 1761; New Flamstead to Chester, July 14, 1766; Kent to Londonderry, April 20, 1780; Hertford to Hartland, June 15, 1782; Neshobe to Brandon, Oct. 20, 1784; Turnersborough to Chelsea, Oct. 13, 1788; Moretown to Bradford, Oct. 23, 1788; Pocock to Bristol, Oct. 21, 1789; Minden to Craftsbury, Oct. 27, 1790; Tomlinson to Grafton, Oct. 31, 1791; Hungerford to Sheldon, Nov. 8, 1792; Wildersburgh to Barre, Oct. 19, 1793; New Huntington to Huntington, Oct. 27, 1795; Saltash to Plymouth, Feb. 23, 1797; Littleton to Waterford, March 9, 1797; Killington to Sherburne, Nov. 4, 1800; Caldersburgh to Morgan, Oct. 19, 1801; Hinsdale to Vernon, Oct. 21, 1802; Isle La Motte to Vineyard, Nov. 9, 1802; Missisco to Troy, Oct. 26, 1803; Bromley to Peru, Feb. 3, 1804; Medway to Parkerstown, Nov. 7, 1804; Hopkinsville to Kirby, Oct. 28, 1807; Middle Hero to Grand Isle, Nov. 5, 1810; Billymead to Sutton, Oct. 19, 1812; Lutterloh to Albany, Oct. 30, 1815; Duncansborough to Newport, Oct. 30, 1816; Huntsburgh to Franklin, Oct. 25, 1817; Navy to Charleston, Nov. 16, 1825; Parkerstown to Mendon, Nov. 6, 1827; Minehead to Bloomfield, Nov. 9, 1830; Vineyard to Isle La Motte, Nov. 6, 1830; Kellyvale to Lowell, Nov. 1, 1831; Random to Brighton, Nov. 3, 1832; Kingston to Granville, Nov. 6, 1834; Woodbury to Monroe, Nov. 5, 1838; Coventry to Orleans, Nov., [*sic*] 1841; Westford to Westmore; Draper to Wilmington; Socialborough to Clarendon; Harwick to Mount Tabor.

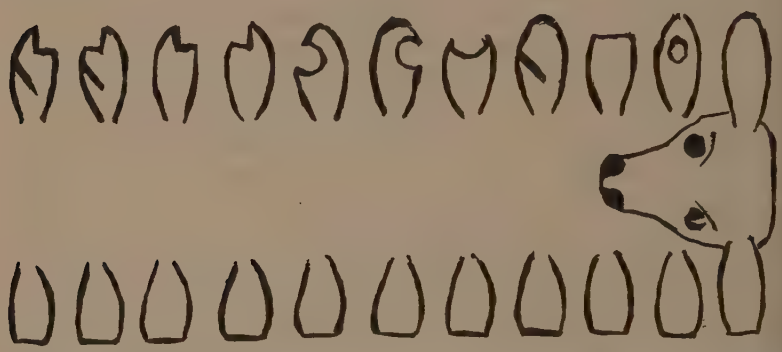
3. Earmarks *From* Frank E. Hartwell, Bolton, Vt.

In looking through the town records of Jericho, trying to trace the wanderings of one of the old families who "went to Vermont" and

were thereafter lost to the ken of the sophisticated areas around Boston, Providence, and New Haven, we found a peculiar system of earmarking used among the flocks and herds of that town. Town Clerk Nealy stated that he thought it peculiar to Jericho, and we have not happened to see it recorded elsewhere.

The system is a combination of cuts, holes and half-circle excisions, and the record book was made out with all the possible combinations in series. These official marks were then available for adoption by any farmer or stock raiser to identify his animals, which grazed at will over fenceless back pastures. Strays which were found out of bounds were driven into "pounds" by the town pound keeper, and could be recognized by the earmark assigned and recorded by the town clerk. The owner could be notified that his stock was impounded, subject to a fee which helped to support the pound-keeper.

The combinations may be better understood from the accompanying diagram of a single series, beginning with the end clipped off the left ear.



These ear-marks were doubtless easier to make than the branding in vogue in later years on the western ranges, requiring no more apparatus than a sharp knife; and the SPCA could find no more fault with one system than the other.

4. Iron Mining in Elmore

From W. K. Sanders, Morrisville, Vt.

This note is an interesting supplement to the sketch in our April issue by Professor Jacobs—"Iron in Vermont." Editor.

I have just been reading the account in the last VHS *Quarterly* of iron mining in Vermont; and inasmuch as I noticed that the town of

Elmore was omitted from the list of towns in which ore-beds occur, I thought I would pass along such information as I have been able to gather regarding iron-mining in that town, thinking this information might be of interest to the future delver in our mining lore.

Most of the information which I am giving was gained from a perusal of old records or in talking twenty years ago with Mr. Herbert Delano of Elmore, an old resident (at that time, now deceased) who had always lived in that vicinity.

There are two deposits of which I have knowledge in Elmore, although I have no information regarding their chemical content or classification. The first is located easterly from Lake Elmore and easterly about 100 feet from the main highway leading from Elmore to Montpelier near the south end of the lake. It can be seen from the road if one knows where to look.

The second is in a more remote situation. When the town of Elmore was first settled, there were two main highways laid out, the north-south road leading through the town from Montpelier to Newport, and the east-west road leading nowhere in particular, but starting on the west side of the township near the Morristown line (at the Delano farm) passing over the Worcester mountain range, and down the east side through a series of then occupied settlements or farms, past the outlet to Little Elmore pond, crossing the present Elmore-Montpelier highway, crossing the north-south highway at Elmore Center (now gone) and ending up on the east side of town at the Woodbury town line.

This east-west road gave access to the township of Elmore from a road leading from Waterbury to Stowe through the "Skunk's Misery" country to the Delano farm. Near the summit of the mountain, so Mr. Delano told me, was a tavern, or lodging house capable of sleeping 20 guests. Between there and Little Elmore pond were two or three clearings, the last of which was occupied about 60 years ago. Between this last clearing and the pond was the second ore deposit just east of the road. The pit and signs of drilling are plainly evident today, but since this east-west road or this portion of it over the mountain has been abandoned for many years, it is now merely a wood-road or a path over most of the distance. The cellar holes can be found in the dense second-growth which has sprung up where clearings formerly existed, and old stone walls perambulate through the trees marking the abandoned holdings of these early settlers.

It was the custom of the farmer on this last lot of land nearest the mine, to get out a quantity of rough ore, load up some sort of wagon,

hitch a cow which he kept for the purpose to the vehicle and start for Cady's Falls, in Morristown, some ten miles distant on the other side of the mountain, where an iron furnace was in operation. Having disposed of his ore, he spent the proceeds thereof for provisions at the Cady's Falls store, loaded them into his "Bovinemobile" and returned home over the mountain. I have picked up pieces of ore which have fallen from his wagon in the past at various points on the old road on both sides of the mountain.

The smelter or furnace to which I above referred was located at the point where our Cady's Falls Hydro-Electric plant now stands, and I understand that there are in existence locally some iron implements and fire-place andirons which were fashioned at this Cady's Falls forge from Elmore ore.

Tracing back the land records of this piece of property upon which our plant now stands, we find that July 8, 1828, (*Morristown Land Records*, book 5, page 82) Joshua Sawyer of Morristown deeded to the Lamoille and Elmore Iron Factory and Mining Company "certain rights, water privileges, and land appendant with all the privileges and appurtenances thereof and thereto belonging.....including all the rights, title, and interest in the Gothic Ore Bed (in Elmore) according to our respective rights. . . ."

This gives us a pretty good idea of the time during which this mining operation was in progress. Whether or not any title or interest in this ore bed has come down to us with the Cady's Falls land which we purchased, has not been determined, and it is quite likely that the LEIFM Co. may have disposed of these holdings apart from the Cady's Falls site which has come down to us. The record seems to be silent on this subject.

5. Coopering in Stamford, Vt.

From Marion B. Lawrence, Stamford, Vt.

Tapping, tapping, rat-tat-tat
The jolly, jolly Cooper works all day
Tapping, tapping just like that
As merrily he sings his lay.

Here are staves with hoops around them
Now with mallet smartly pound them
Tapping, tapping, rat-tat-tat
As merrily, he sings his lay.

By and by, the barrel grows
As merrily the Cooper sings all day
Louder sound the Cooper's blows
As merrily he pounds away.

Hear the sound above the singing
Boomta! Boomta loudly ringing.
Boomta-boomta, boomta-ta-boom
As merrily he sings his lay.

Perhaps my Great-great-grandfather, Silas Blood, who came to Stamford in 1799 from Charlton and Oxford, Mass., knew that song for he was a cooper and a cobbler. About my most choice possession is the cooper hammer or mallet which he used.

Some of the terms used by coopers and shingle makers were frower, stave, hoop, bottom, head, chine (tool) and shave horse. Hoops were made from hoop poles which were of yellow elm, birch or ash. Coopers usually made barrels, casks, kegs, tubs and firkins.

In Stamford, the barrels made were used for cider, and the kegs were used by the powder mills at Clarksburg, Mass., or Schagiticoke, N. Y.

In the early 1800's, when orchards had multiplied and bore abundantly, cider was pressed on almost every farm and became the common beverage of almost everyone. Sometimes it was "twisted" or distilled into that "accursed" liquor, cider brandy, which was the real "rot gut" of those days.

Plenty of pine and oak lumber for barrel cask, tub and firkin staves then grew near the village. All labor was done by hand. The stave machine, later used in a town nearby, which cut out material for 150 barrels per day, was undreamed of.

There were three powder mills just south of the Stamford village before 1869. One of these on the flat south of the four corners blew up with a great explosion.

A man by the name of Day had neglected to grease the machinery properly. He was the only man killed by the explosion. In the records of the Old Union Church of Stamford, (a church which ceased to exist about 1870 when the Methodists and Baptists split to build meetinghouses of their own), the cause of his death is given as neglect of duty.

In the letter of Deacon Benjamin Cook (my Great-great-grandfather) to his daughter, Abigail, who had emigrated to New York

State near Lake Ontario, we find the account of one explosion though not the time Day was killed.

Stamford, April 2, 1854.

The powder mill blowed up last Tuesday—no boddy hurt—two minutes more one of the hands would ove ben thare. Blowed everything all to flitters. Blowed the bridge up that crosses over to Laben Clarks.

Many of the happenings of Stamford were dated by saying, "It was about the time the powder mill blowed up."

As a child, my grandmother would let me peek into an old pine chest to look at a quilt she possessed. It was a secret between us, but we called it, "The Calamity Quilt." The quilt was pieced of two patterns of old calico. The "Calamity" part of the quilt dated back to the time of the powder mill explosion.

Eunice, sixteen or seventeen-year-old sister of my grandmother's mother, Abigail Cook Ames, was working somewhere near the mill the day it "blowed up." She came home greatly upset. The lighter colored dainty sprigged calico used in making the quilt was the very dress Eunice wore that day. Eunice died that year. The darker calico, a plainer material, was from a suit worn by her little lame brother, Bennie, who also died the year of the explosion.

Grandma left the quilt with its story to me. It at least affords a "conversation piece."

From the account book of Silas Blood and John Stroud who worked together, we find the following

Stamford, 1835

Received of Dexter and Danforth Blood, three dollars in full for making thirty three barrels of cider.

(No wonder, Great-grandma joined the anti-saloon league)

Stamford, 1836

Capt. Smith, Debtor to six dollars paid to son for carrying three hundred and forty nine cags to Skatucook powder mill at two and half cents per pease. (piece).

(These according to tradition were carried over the County Road by ox team.)

Stamford, 1839

Anson Gould, Credit to two ½ days work to July the 20th. Also 140 cags (kegs) *up to the same time.*

(Some of these kegs during these years doubtless held powder for the Mexican "incidents.")

Stamford 1842

Dexter Blood, Debtor to fifteen Dollars toward cags (kegs).

(Doubtless this was for material to make kegs).

March 11, 1839

Anson Gould, credit to making 127 powder cags (kegs) *at six cents per peace* (piece). *Credit to two days and ½* (work) *dun up to March 1839 which work I am to pay him at the rate he erns per month making cags at six cents per peace for the season.*"

I possess another relic of those powder mill days. It is a small powder keg with a hole in the top. It is about a foot tall and eight inches in diameter.

Cider was often used to barter for wheat, rye, corn tallow, shoe leather, salt or whatever the man who owned the press happened to want from his cravers of "apple tonic."

In those days almost any of the necessities of life could be obtained if one possessed the proper "tender."

FOLKLORE DEPARTMENT

EDITED *by* LEON W. DEAN

President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

Timothy T.

Timothy Horrigan came from Ireland and started working on a farm at about the age of twenty-two. Because he had never been to school and perhaps, too, because the teacher was young and attractive, he decided to enroll. The teacher seated him with the other first-grade pupils and gave him a book to study. When it came his turn to recite, she asked how much two horses and two horses would be. Without a word Timothy rose and reached for his hat and his dinner pail. On his way out he turned and said, "Twa hosses and twa hosses is fawr hosses and that I knew before ever I left old Irland." With that, he left the school and never returned.

Lack of formal schooling did not prevent Timothy from saving enough money to marry and buy a farm. He had established himself as a rather substantial farmer when he was called to Montpelier to serve on a jury. He drove his fine pair of spirited horses to "the city." After putting them up for the night, he went to the old Tavern to get a room for himself. When the clerk asked him to sign the register, he did not admit that he had not stayed in school long enough to learn to write his name. Instead, he chatted about what a fine team of horses he had and ended up by saying that holding them in all the way out had lamed his arm so that it would be quite inconvenient for him to write. The clerk was glad to oblige him by signing for him.

His reply when in court, the next day, when he was asked his name became a familiar joke in the neighborhood. Not being stingy in giving information about himself, he said, "My name is Timothy T. T'Horrigan. I live in Fayston up. I milk ten cows and a yoke of oxen."

—*Elizabeth D. Goslin, Waitsfield*

—&—

Auction Prices

1 manure fork, $.05; garden hose, $.22; flail and broom, $.10; wooden shovel, $.05; paris green sifter, $.10; bells, $.20; pig box

$.10; squirrel cage, $1.10; portable hitch post, $.20; linen duster, $.25; buffalo, $2.00; brass kettle, $1.10; soap grease, $.10; bedstead, $.35; lumber wagon, $7.75; wood per cord, $4.00; grain cradle, $.80; scalding tub, $3.80; buggy, $62; warming pan, $.25; steelyards, $.08; churn, $2.00; firkin, $.10; mortar & pestle, $.28; 2 sad irons, $.40; bed valance, $.12; chamber carpet, $1.00; dried apple, $.50; feather bed per lb., $.40; valise, $.50.

—*Hazel S. Hill, Norwich*

—&—

Marriage Notices

From the Danville *North Star:*

Doctor Josiah Shedd to Miss Lydia Chamberlin, Peacham.

When hearts unite in bonds of love,
It supercedes a wish to rove.
To Hymen he for refuge fled,
But she for shelter chose a shed.

Danville, 1813—Mr Peter Knapp, jun; Miss Zeruiah Hartshorn:

Spirits of Hartshorn!—a most sovereign balm
He's surely chosen in a wife;
While she, to make her moments doubly calm,
A Knapp of Lethe takes for life!

North Star, 1824:

M. At Greenwich, Conn., by the Rev. David Peck, Mr. Eliphalet Peck, Jr., to Miss Deborah Peck.

Three Pecks we find have here begun
To make two different Peck's but one,
But vain their labor we shall see,
For let there pass of months a score,
Three Pecks will be increased to four,
And then a bushel there will be.

From *The Woodstock Observer* Mar. 28, 1820:

M. In Montpelier, Mr. Algernon S. Wing to Miss Mary Brooks.

In youth, tho always on the wing
Round high and verdant nooks,
He chose, in this delightful spring,
To sport among the brooks.

From *The Universalist Watchman*, 1832:

In Fletcher, Franklin Co., on 25th inst., by Rev. J. Wright, Mr. Jonathan Wells to Miss Prudence Chase, daughter of Thaddeus Chase of the former place.

Jonathan has, in the present case,
In Prudence started with a Chase;
May that go on till both shall die,
Drinking from Wells that never dry.
—Rev. Samuel N. Bean, Norwich, Conn

—&—

Weather Chart

After three white frosts there will be a storm.

If the water pitcher sweats, a storm is brewing.

Six weeks after you hear the first katydid, look for a frost.

If the chickens' feathers are thick at Thanksgiving, the winter will be a hard one.

If the sumacs turn brown too early, expect a hard winter.

When pigs carry straws in their mouths, look for a high wind.

Kill a hog on the growing moon and the pork will swell in the barrel; otherwise, it will shrink.

Snow that comes on the old of the moon is apt to last. Snow that comes in the new of the moon melts quickly.

The day of the month on which the first snow comes gives the number of storms you may expect during the following winter.

The twelve days after Christmas indicate the weather for the following year, each day in order showing the weather for one month.

—Maud A. Jackson, Windsor

—&—

The Good Old Days!

Know all men by these presents—that I Major A. Edwards of principal and Foster A. Wheeler as security both of Putney in the county of Windham and state of Vermont and are held and firmly bound to John Smith, David Foster and Joseph T. Radway, overseers of the poor of the town of Putney or the overseers in office in the sum of two hundred dollars to be paid to the said John Smith, David Foster and Joseph T. Radway or the overseers in office for which payment will and truly to be made, we bind ourselves

nd each of us by himself or each of our heirs, executors and administrators irmly by these presents signed with our hands and sealed with our seals his twentieth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight undred and thirty seven. The condition of the above obligations is such hat if the above bounder Major A. Edwards shall maintain Phillis Edwards for one year and shall furnish her with suitable meat, drink, lothing and medical attendance and shall save the town of Putney from all ost and trouble for one year in supporting said Edwards, then this obligaion to be well and would otherwise to be and remains in full force and ffect.

signed Major A Edwards
Foster A Wheeler
Chs. R. Whitney

To the Probate Court for the District of Westminster
Henry H. Barton, John H. Stoddard and Charles Blood, overseers of the oor of the town of Putney in said district and the undersigned friends of Major A. Edwards of said Putney respectfully represent that the said Major A. Edwards by excessive drinking and idleness is so spending and wasting or lepering his estate as to expose himself to want or suffering and he said town of Putney to charge or expense for his support—They herefore request that inquisition thereof be made and a guardian appointed for the said Major A. Edwards as the law in such case authorises and directs. —Dated at Putney in said district this 9th day of Dec. 1842.
(signed by several neighbors—)

Major A Edwards died May 30, 1879. Cause—too much drink!

In Congregational Church Records
Sept. 7, 1817 Joined by profession and baptism
Major-Alexander and Prince Richmond (Africans)
children of Aaron Edwards and wife

Feb 2 1817 Mrs. Mary Edwards wife of Aaron a Negro joins the Church

The town of Putney, Dr. to Mark C Read
Oct 8, 1845 to boarding Solomon Arlin seven days and to carrying him where I was told by Isreal Keyes. Jan 5 1840 Rec'd pay $1.00
signed Mark C. Read

Putney March 12 1833
The Selectmen of the town of Putney to Joseph Cushing Dr.
To keeping Clark B. Cushing two weeks and funeral expenses 5.00
April 5 1833, Received pay signed Joseph Cushing

(Clark B. Cushing was his own son born in April, 1807)

Aug. 24, 1835
The Town of Putney Dr. to Perry Knight
For one coffin nice for Herington wife 5.00

Putney Feb 7 1820 Selectmen of Putney Dr.,
To Harvey Bliss for his services as Lister for 1819 5.00
signed by Harvey Bliss

—*Mrs. George Gassett, Putney*

—&—

Learned to Watch

(*As told by Will Hastings of Sutton about fifty-five years ago about his neighbor John.*)

John was very religious, but was considered by some townspeople to be not too bright. He was the type to pray with anyone at practically any time.

On one occasion while John knelt, head bent and eyes closed, prayed, the boys with him broke a rotten egg under his nose. This was the type of joke often played on him.

Another time, either by accident or design, the boys met John on a bridge, and asked him to pray. John agreed and knelt, as usual, but this time kept his eyes open.

"Why, John, how can you pray reverently with your eyes open?" he was asked.

"I've learned to watch as well as pray," replied John.

—*Mrs. Aldrich, Sutton*

—&—

Those Old Sheep Days

We used to sell our lambs in the late fall. About September 1, we'd bring home those we wanted to sell and any sheep culled from the flock, finishing them off in the meadows. Then they were shipped by freight to Boston Market. Some farmers left their lambs out the night before they were sold. Their fleeces would absorb the moisture from the dew, thus making them weigh more. I have heard it rumored that for the same purpose some people sprinkled their wool a while before selling. It might or might not be true.

The shearing was done in April. The same man would go year

after year from flock to flock through several towns. In old times, it was an art to shear a sheep with shears and not cut it. Sometimes two men would shear, and there would be friendly rivalry. This was frowned on by the farmer as his sheep might get more nicks, and the men were paid by the animal instead of by the hour. Now, with electric clippers, the shearing is done much more easily, but the sheep still get nicks unless a lot of pains is taken. After the sheep lose their heavy coats, their offspring sometimes fail to recognize them, and it will take a lot of mother talk to convince the lambs of the identity of their parents.

One reads a lot about the old-time feuds between the western sheep men and cattle ranchers. It is about the same here. Sheep require woven wire fencing. A farmer who doesn't run sheep protests bitterly about fencing against them, but of course the law requires it. Sheep will get through a hole you would think impossible. They are a follow-the-leader crew. If one goes, they are all going, regardless. If one falls down and blocks the gateway, the others rush through in spite of it, each one making the pile that much higher. They haven't a grain of sense, and they panic easily. But if a person has ever taken care of sheep, he will always feel a sense of responsibility and protection toward them. I, for one, miss the sheep from our Vermont pastures.

—Daisy S. Dopp, Glover

Cure For Warts

When cooking beans, take out one for each wart, split and rub on the wart or warts; do the beans up carefully; go for a walk and toss the bundle in the bushes; the warts will disappear. The strangest part, it works.

—Florence E. Waters, Bondville

More Sayings

Shakes like a pup after a swim.
So small the skin of a gooseberry would make him a nightcap.
Shaped like a feather bed tied in the middle.
Hangs like a puppy to a briar.
The rain sounds like sheep droppings hitting a shingle.
Always get hold of your nightcap before you blow the candle out.

There is more pleasure in sweating an hour than in yawning a century.—*Ralph W. Putnam, Waterbury*

—&—

Which One

About a hundred years ago, there lived a comely (or desirable) single woman in a cabin, probably on the hill road to "Number 'leven" (a high hill in Westford). One Sunday a suitor, Avery Burdick, went up to call on her. Telling of it later, he said he found written on the door:

"Gone to the Center with Tim Austin." (Name may not be correct.)

Avery said he writ on the door in hieroglyphics:

"Choose ye this day whom ye will sarve, Tim Austin or Avery Burdick."

In recounting the incident Avery lowered his voice and said, "She chose Avery."—*Frances Hobart, Winooski*

—&—

The Kitchen

When I was a little girl, I used to hear this inquiry: "Can you direct me to The Kitchen?" I would hear my mother giving directions as to taking the first left-hand turn above our house, going through the Rock Cut, keeping straight ahead over Mutton Hill, etc. "Are there good cooks living there?" I would ask. "Is that why it is called The Kitchen?" "Not any better than lots of women in town," would be the answer. "Is it called that because it is in the center of the town, just as in colonial days the kitchen was the center of the household work?" "Could be, I suppose." One old resident of the town thought he remembered his father talking about a man by the name of Kitchen. He might have lived there and that section might have been named after him. Nowadays, no one asks to be directed to The Kitchen. People always say, "Can you tell me the way to West Haven Center?"

—*Clara M. Gardner, Burlington*

—&—

Epitaphs from North Fayston Cemetery

Catherine Boyce
adopted daughter of

S and S Nelson
1879–1897
We loved her, yes, no tongue can tell
How much we loved her and how well
God loved her too and thought it best
To take her home to be at rest

***

Sarah Hayes
Sept 9 1847
Aged 19 mo
Bud of promise precious gem
Deck the Savior's garden

***

Chloe Hodges
Aug 15 1877
But when you think of me dear friends
Let not your teardrops fall
But think that Chloe is at rest
She has obeyed God's call

***

Lucy Porter
Mar. 7 1893
ae 36-5-2
One precious to our heart has gone
A voice we loved is stilled
The place made vacant in our home
Can never more be filled

***

Sarah Marble
Feb. 24-1881
age 27
Rest lovely form beneath the sod
No trouble there shall grieve thee
Go Angel's spirit to thy God
And with thy God we leave thee

—*Marion S. Rowley, Burlington*

—&—

School Days

Here's a nostalgic memory of the good old school days as revived by a resident of the town of Burke.

How many middle-aged folks remember the arithmetic problem about the grindstone with the three owners? Each paid a different percentage of the cost price, according to his means; each used it for different periods of time, according to his needs; when the trio agreed to dissolve partnership and dispose of the grindstone, who owned how much of the now partly-worn-out stone?

—*Tennie Gaskill Toussaint, Danville*

—&—

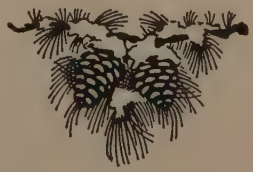
The Battleground

A woman gave me the following explanation of the fact that the last clearing at the foot of General Stark Mountain in Fayston is called the Battleground. She is sure that this is the correct version, for her great uncle was one of the men involved.

One winter a man gave his son, who was not yet twenty-one, permission to get out some logs to sell for his own profit. After cutting a good amount of timber and snaking it down to the clearing, the young man sold it to a local mill owner, the great uncle mentioned above. His father, however, was not satisfied with the deal the young man had made, and, since the boy was not of age, he proceeded to take matters into his own hands and sold the same logs for a higher price to the owner of another mill. Both the father and the son had been paid cash for the same logs. The question now was—which buyer would get possession of them?

The great uncle, intending to have the benefit of the good bargain he had made, arrived with his men at four o'clock in the morning for the purpose of taking the logs to his mill before his competitor could get them. But the logs were gone. The other man had taken them out during the night.

The intention of neither man had been known to the other, but the neighbors knew. They had gathered at the clearing expecting to see a good fight when the second man found that he had been outsmarted. Even though there was no battle, the spot has since that time been known as the "Battleground."—*Elizabeth D. Joslin, Waitsfield*



POSTSCRIPT

One thing, certainly, we have learned—that history is an inescapable act, that the past cannot be erased, that it intrudes upon us, whether we ke it or not."—J. G. Randall in "Historianship," *American Historical Review*, January, 1953.

Judge Harold R. Medina, abidingly famous in American juristical istory for his superb guidance of the famous trial of eleven Com- nunists, in speaking at the Middlebury College commencement xercises on June 8th, smilingly referred to the fact that young college raduates, on applying for a position, are prone to ask, first of all, bout the pensions and retirement plans of a concern. The reference vas made in his comments on the modern madness for security of ving. His main thesis was that security cannot be purchased but is ne dividend of hard work in an interesting field, intelligently done. Those of us who are interested in history, even as a hobby, know that art of the fun and profit in studying it or recording it lies in the mere act that the past is secure—what is true in human experience tends o abide, what is not, perishes; there is a fundamental continuity in vhat is good, true, and beautiful. As the great Greek scholar, Gilbert Murray, puts the idea, "The main web of life is permanent." Here in ur offices we touch daily historic themes that will last as long as Vermont does; and the real point of this elongated paragraph is this— nen and women of the past with Vermont affiliations, not scholars n all cases by any means, have made possible by gifts, manuscripts, ollections of family documents and treasures offered to us, much of nat permanent pattern of Vermont's story which is essentially a tory of men and women who found and find now security in this Green Mountain State—a security of pocketbook, mind, and soul. We are daily grateful to those early, and late, workers in the vineyard.

* * *

One of our lamentations is that it is financially impossible for us to ubscribe to all our state papers, for more and more we find items in ome of them, whose editors are wise to the increasing interest in ocal history—historical items we should like to clip and file. We do ip and file items from four dailies which have a wide coverage in ne state, but the weeklies and other dailies are beyond us. Many of ur members come to our rescue, however, and we hope that others

will join the co-operating group. *Valley News*, a member of VHS, published for West Lebanon and Lebanon, N.H., and White River Jct., now completing its first volume, has been printing a most interesting series of historical articles by Stella Vitty Henry—ever down or up to a discussion of a collection of shaving mugs! The author's comment on a Grandfather's clock in one of her articles reminds me of what I consider to be the tallest story ever told in America—the yarn of the man who claimed he had a Grandfather's clock so old that the shadow of the pendulum swinging back and forth had worn a hole through the back. No member of the Grandfather's Clock Clan knows a taller one than that, I am very sure. If you do, why—

* * *

I have never been quite satisfied with the usual statement of the Four Freedoms as it applies to Vermont even though I am not critical of it. In this quotation from Hermann Hagedorn's *Americans: A Book of Lives* [John Day, New York, 1946] you will find, if you read along, much that seems sound to me as an analysis of the Vermont mind and also my preference as to a statement of the real four freedoms:

The fact that John Dewey was born in Vermont is more important than that Henry Ford was born in Michigan or Woodrow Wilson in Virginia. Wedged between New Hampshire and New York, where their chilly northern borders touch the icy hem of Canada, Vermont is not only a remote state of the Union, it is a state of mind. Remote from the metropolitan centers of the country, this green quadrilateral of lush valleys, wooded hills, and orderly self-respecting communities has retained more than any other area in the United States the characteristics of the nation founded in 1789 by George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and their brilliant associates.

Vermont not only believes in democratic principles or practices them when it remembers; it lives them in a way that the people of other states do not know, or if they knew have forgotten. There are no sharp contrasts of rich and poor in Vermont, there is no dominant social group. Individualistic to the point of eccentricity, its people are yet kept from eccentricity by common recognition that even individualism has its limits. Self-respecting, self-reliant, and tight-lipped, moreover, they cherish no illusions regarding their right to demand a living from their government if they cannot make a living for themselves. The offer of a federal highway along the ridge of the Green Mountains was to them not an opportunity but an insult, which they rejected as they would reject any other bribe.

When John Dewey, therefore, was born a Vermonter, it means that he brought with him as part of his essential being not only faith in democracy as a social and political philosophy, but appreciation of democracy as a way of life. For two centuries his forebears had known the liberty-in-discipline which was characteristic of his native state. They had tilled the reluctant soil, fought the Indians, fought the French and the British. They had exercised

eir right as freemen to govern themselves, first as colonists of Great Britain d later as citizens of the United States. In this land of long hard winters, cky soil, and stern theology men learned early and thoroughly the meaning th of discipline and of freedom—discipline, imposed not by man but by e realities of daily living; freedom that was social, economic, and moral well as political.

* * *

Our archeological work in its Indian phase is still in abeyance rough lack of funds to carry it on, and we cast a grim eye at investigations going on by "furriners" who will take their findings utside of the state, but some of our loyal members are carrying on r us until a better day arrives. W. A. Ross of St. Albans sends us a opy of "Ground Slates: Eskimo or Indian" by William A. Ritchie, tate Archeologist of New York, which goes into our library with warm welcome. In our Museum there is a "semilunar knife," in e Woodcock collection, found near Vergennes, Vt. A passing rcheologist told us it showed Eskimo influence. We lifted a skeptical ermont eyebrow—Eskimo influence way down in Vergennes, Vt.? ut now we read in Doctor Ritchie's article—"Abbott, in 1881, eems to have been the first to call attention to the typological imilarities between the Eskimo woman's knife and the ground slate emilunar knives scattered sporadically from New England south to aryland. He concluded that, 'As these semilunar knives are more bundant in New England than in the middle states, and do not appear have been in use among the southern coast tribes, it is probable at the pattern was derived from the Eskimo with whom the northern lgonquins were frequently in contact"—and the Algonquins, we now, once lived in the area now known as Vergennes. Our eyerows go down.

* * *

Most males, now and then, grow weary (my guess) of modern ooking, no matter how skillful the cook, and now and then, again, n old dish, that Grandfather or Grandmother loved, comes out of e past with a special appeal. I have been looking over a pamphlet, Old-Time Vermont Recipes," by Lydia Tarrant, published by the gricultural Extension Service of the University of Vermont, at my ggestion back in 1941 when I was toiling with my beloved friend, Jim" Taylor, as chairman and vice-chairman respectively of the itizens Sesquicentennial Committee. Ever hear of "dried apple ake?" It's like no other cake.

Dried Apple Cake

3 cups dried apples
2 cups molasses
1 lemon
2 cups brown sugar
⅔ cup butter
1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 3 tablespoons cold water
½ teaspoon each cloves, salt, allspice or nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup raisins
3 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Soak apples over night in cold water. In the morning, drain thoroughly and chop with the lemon. Add molasses and simmer until lemon is tender—about 20 minutes. Cool. With remaining ingredients make the cake in usual way and add lemon-apple mixture last. Bake an hour in moderate oven.

Apples—here again I may be discussing a point I know little about—seem to have vanished from some "modern" cookbooks I have examined, but Grandmother and Greatgrandmother had orchards just across the road from the house, and they certainly knew how to "do things" with what was near at hand.

Apple Dumplings

Pare and core six or more apples. Put in a baking dish, sprinkle with ½ cup sugar, a little nutmeg, a little butter, and 4 tablespoons of water.

Then take 7 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, a piece of butter half the size of a walnut. Rub in the flour a little salt, mix with sweet milk. Spread on apples and bake. When done, put over a plate, cut like a pie. Serve with cream and sugar.

Ever hear of "parsnip chowder?" Well, it is "glo-ree-ous!"

Parsnip Chowder

⅛ lb. salt pork
1 small onion, sliced
3 cups parsnips, cut in cubes
1 cup potatoes, cut in cubes
2 cups boiling water
1 qt. rich milk
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup rolled cracker crumbs (optional)
Salt and pepper
Minced parsley (optional)

Try out salt pork; remove cracklings. Add onions and saute gently; add parsnips and potatoes; add water and cook about 30 minutes or until parsnips and potatoes are done. Add milk and butter. Season to taste. Some recipes call for the addition of ½ cup rolled cracker crumbs; others thicken chowder slightly with 2 tablespoons flour mixed with 2 tablespoons cold water and top with minced parsley.

This brochure, by the way, "Old-Time Vermont Recipes," is out of print.

* * *

We are impressed again and again, here in the busy and often harsh days of crowded hours in our offices, by the kindness and loyalty of many, very many of our members. We do like the brief notes of

ommendation and appreciation—notes that, being Vermonters, we vill never put into print after the manner of some of our editorial ontemporaries. We like, too, the quick notes of criticism that show s the error of our ways—and we are sincere in saying so. Pilate ould scrub his hands and rid himself of a problem, and he has become he leading member of the Ancient Order of Hand Washers. We are lways conscious that some student, some reader in the far, future ears will hope he can depend upon the accuracy of our comments nd statements that relate directly to the history of the state. This umber highlights the co-operation that means so much to us. Mrs. isher has been for years, in the midst of a truly busy and achieving fe, a most loyal member; Mr. Ranney, Miss Walter, Mrs. Melville, Irs. Toussaint, Mr. Bushnell, Miss Conlin, Mr. Sanders, Mrs. awrence, Mr. Johnson, Professor Dean—all are members of VHS. he paper on the history of Vermont's Catholic Church, by the late ather Wilson, came to us by our request through the kindness of ne of our curators, long devoted to the good works of Vermont istory, the Rev. Vincent B. Maloney, librarian of St. Michael's ollege in Winooski Park, Vt. We are committed to the belief that ermont history belongs to all of us and is not a luxury for the few. .W.P.

* * *

In her illuminating collection of material on the naming of Vermont towns recently sent in by Miss Dorothy C. Walter there is his delightful tale of the naming of Vershire. Miss Walter writes: Here is the story of the names of Vershire that I heard in 1930 when was a field worker for the Educational Facilities Committee of the ural Survey being conducted by the Vermont Commission on ountry Life: (See *Adult Education in Vermont: A Report* by Dorothy . Walter, 1930, section on Vershire):

'You're in the only Vershire in the whole of the United States, the orld, for that matter,' said a sadfaced old man in the postoffice.

'What does it mean? Well, you see, when they was namin', they ind of run out of names, so they took the first of Vermont and the st of New Hampshire, and put them together, Makes a real pretty ame, we think.

'But when the mine was runnin' full blast down to Copperfield, ey was too many for us, and they went and changed the name of the own to Ely, after the folks that owned the mine: and the rest of us at had always lived here couldn't seem to do nothin' about it. Even

if we did get anybody from our side to the Legislature, they didn't know how to speak up and tell 'em what we wanted.

'And it was just when our Centennial was comin' on that they went and changed the name.

'No sir, we didn't celebrate it. We didn't want to, not under the name of Ely!

'But after the copper mine flatted out, we managed to send a man to Montpelier that wan't afraid of the sound of his own voice, and he spoke right up to 'em and see to it we got our name of Vershire back.

'But 'twas too late for the Centennial then.' "

Following her evidence for the naming of Sutton, Vermont from Sutton, Mass., Miss Walter cites another charming bit of folklore. This time it is the tradition behind the naming of the first Sutton which is given in the *History of Sutton, Massachusetts* by Benedict and Tracy. "As far as documentary evidence is concerned," she writes, "its origin is not known. But a tradition recorded by a Deacon Leland and regarded by him as well founded gives the following explanation:

John Wampus, 'alias White,' the Nipmuk Indian of whom the Sutton, Mass., proprietors bought their township, made a voyage across the Atlantic at some time previous to this land sale (title confirmed in 1704 by Governor Dudley of Massachusetts Bay), and visited England. On the return voyage to New England his health failed, and he became very ill. In this emergency he received particular attention from a fellow-passenger, a Dr. Sutton. Out of gratitude for this kindness, when he and his Company of Nipmuk Indians gave the Boston Palefaces a deed to some of their land in which to lay out a new township, John Wampus suggested that they give it the name of his friend-in-need, Dr. Sutton."

"How interesting it would be," muses Miss Walter, "to track down this story; to learn more of what John Wampus saw and did in England, and what he thought about it; to run down Dr. Sutton and find if he was a doctor of medicine or a doctor of divinity; and to see if he left letters or journals that mentioned his Indian friend, and so to carry the story of the name of Sutton one step further into the past. But this must be put off for a recreational aim in a more convenient season." L.E.K.

* * *

SELECTED TITLES FROM THE PUBLICATIONS of the VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Books listed below may be ordered directly at the price shown. Active members of the Society are given a 10 per cent discount on any volume, except those starred. Sustaining members are given a 33⅓ per cent discount.

1. *The Capture of Ticonderoga* by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes. 172 pp. $1.00
2. *Biography of Thomas Davenport, Invenwr of the Electric Motor* by W. R. Davenport. Illus. Index. 165 pp. $3.00
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6. *Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont*, published in 1794, by Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. $1.00
7. *People of Wallingford* by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. $3.00
8. *History of Londonderry* by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. $3.00
9. *History of Marlborough* by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. $3.00
10. *History of Barnard* by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding maps. $9.00
11. *History of Pomfret* by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding maps. $5.00
12. *Peacham: The Story of a Vermont Hill Town.* Vol. 1. 494 pp. 29 ill., maps, appendices., bibl., index. $6.00
13. *List of Pensioners of the War of 1812* by B. N. Clark. $1.50
14. *Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont.* Folio, 233 pp. $3.00
15. *The First Medical College in Vermont. Castleton 1818–1862* by Frederick Clayton Waite. 280 pp. 13 ill. Catalog of graduates and non-graduates. Index. $3.00
16. *Vermont Lease Lands* by Walter T. Bogart. Definitive treatment of question of lease or glebe lands assigned for educational and religious uses. 392 pp. Index. $6.16
17. *The Vermont Story* by Earle W. Newton. 535 ill. Bibl., index, 281 pp. $7.50

QUOTATIONS from the CONSTITUTION of THE STATE OF VERMONT

Chapter 1. Article 1st . . . therefore no person born in this country, or brought from over sea, ought to be holden by law, to serve any person as a servant, slave or apprentice, after he arrives to the age of twenty-one years, unless he is bound by his own consent, after he arrives to such age. . . .

Article 7th. That government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit, protection, and security of the people, nation, or community, and not for the particular emolument or advantage of any single man, family, or set of men. . . .

Article 18th. That frequent recurrence to fundamental principles, and a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, industry, and frugality are absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty, and keep government free; the people ought, therefore, to pay particular attention to these points, in the choice of officers and representatives. . . .

Chapter 11. Section 34. Every person of the full age of twenty-one years . . . who is of a quiet and peaceable behavior, and will take the following oath or affirmation, shall be entitled to all the privileges of a freeman of this State:

You solemnly swear (or affirm) *that whenever you give your vote or suffrage, touching any matter that concerns the State of Vermont, you will do it so as in your conscience you shall judge will most conduce to the best good of the same, as established by the Constitution, without fear or favor of any person.*

Section 57. As every freeman, to preserve his independence (if without a sufficient estate) ought to have some profession, calling, trade, or farm, whereby he may honestly subsist, there can be no necessity for, nor use in, establishing offices of profit, the usual effects of which are dependence and servility unbecoming freemen, in the possessors or expectants, and faction, contention and discord among the people. But if any man is called into the public service to the prejudice of his private affairs, he has a right to a reasonable compensation; and whenever an office through increase of fees or otherwise, becomes so profitable as to occasion many to apply for it, the profit ought to be lessened by the Legislature. . . .

CONSTITUTION OF VERMONT, PAGE 23, VERMONT LEGISLATIVE DIRECTORY, 1951